Toronto Saturday Night.

Vol. 2, No. 46 { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietor. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. } TORONTO, OCTOBER 12. 1889. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. } Whole No. 98

Around Town.

Without doubt the Brennan case has been the local sensation of the week. It is a unique lawsuit, inasmuch as a wife brings suit for damages against her father-in-law for having inveigled her into a marriage with his worthless son. While the very racy details of the domestic life of Joe and Libby Brennan have doubtless interested all the readers of the daily newspapers, it has given married folk an opportunity of reading a chapter in the career of an inharmonious couple, and it may be profitable for them to review their own experience as to whether there have not been incidents therein which would make almost as sensational reading as the Brennan case. People know very little of the lives of their neighbors unless some lawsuit happens to drag forth the details and opposing counsel proceed to make the smallest things appear as large as possible. On the street cars we often see people getting aboard, the scowl still lingering in their faces, indicative of a very lively row before they left home. Glances may be interchanged which tell more plainly than a page of divorce court evidence that for a moment at least they perfectly hate each other. Sometimes they sit as far apart as decency will permit, or, if crowded close together, there is a semi audible question asked and a whispered answer given which indicate that there is to be trouble as soon as the sheltering walls of their domicile separate them from public view. Frequently too, trifles in the houses of our friends demonstrate that the matrimonial thermometer is registering a very unwholesome heat or arctic chill. To people who are disposed to speculate as to the happiness of this couple or that, these symptoms mean a great deal, and the discussion of them causes much of that scandal which concerns itself with the supposed unhappy life of many of the people that we know. Nevertheless I imagine that the percentage of happy homes is very much greater than of the unhappy ones. Of course a happy home can seldom mean a domicile where outbreaks of temper, petulance, scolding and even recrimination are never indulged in. The human constitution and temperament are subjected to a vast number of influences which disturb the individual and lead to the disturbance of the home. When a man is bilious, or has a bad cold or when his business is going wrong he is unlikely to be as considerate and gentle as when everything is lovely and the home-smile comes of its own accord. When the cook has given warning or the maid has flown off the handle and fiercely expressed her unvarnished opinion of her mistress; when the dinner has been burnt or the wife has had a bad headache, or a "nervous attack," the atmosphere of the home changes as rapidly as the barometer before the approach of a cyclone. But when the husband's bile or business is disturbed at the same time that the wife has a headache or a quarrel with the cook, we may naturally look out for squalls, particularly in the early years of married life, before the husband and wife have learned to avoid ticklish topics when the conditions are unfavorable. After they have spent a few years together, if they have any love or respect for themselves or each other, a glance will detect when the storm signals are up, and if it is impossible to be conciliatory they will stay at long range until the clouds drift by. I can recollect at least half a dozen instances of passing the homes of young people who had not long been married, where I have seen the husband stepping high, and with fire in his eye, having evidently heard something to his wife's disadvantage during the day. How he does jerk the bell! The wife, coming to the door with a smile and anxious to be pleasant, is met by an outpouring of wrath at the very door. Nor has my limited experience been lacking in instances where the wife, at the threshold, has sprung upon her husband a few facts and figures which she had gleaned during his absence and I have had the benefit of the conversation as I passed, one party or the other being too enraged to even shut the door before he or she has been delivered of the message of wrath.

***

I have been told that the dinner table is a favorite place for the discussion of unpleasant questions, and it is even worse than the doorstep, for neither man nor woman likes to have the viands flavored with wormwood and vinegar. I imagine that if people who have disputes of any sort would keep them over night, or at least delay them for a few hours until they have thought the matter out, the outburst would be less destructive. The Brennan case is a good example of the danger of married people having too many relatives. The majority of married lives that are spoiled during the first few years after the wedding can trace it to too much advice and sympathy volunteered by people who, if they minded their own business would be conferring the greatest possible blessing on the young couple. There certainly will be, even in the course of true love, some cataracts, whirlpools, and rapids, but if the matrimonial bark is left alone it is very apt to float out into the calm and peaceful water, if there is a determination on either side to stick to it and make the best of what sometimes appears to be a bad job. But if that much-abused and often wrongfully-abused personage, the mother-in-law, is too accessible and is stirred to wrath by the tales her daughter tells or her son tells, for often there are two mothers-in-law in a family—though somehow it is the wife's mother who is selected by the paragrapher as the legitimate butt for his jokes—trouble is sure to follow. The young wife is always anxious for sympathy. Her new relations and the strange circumstances in which she finds herself make her look for help and comfort from someone, and the husband is perhaps slow in observing that she is not altogether happy and he is abrupt in refusing to be consulted upon the trifles and perplexities which do not appeal to his masculine selfishness and desire for quiet and ease. If the young woman is thus denied sympathy in the quarter where she has most reason to expect it, she appeals to her feminine, and sometimes unfortunately, to her masculine, friends, and when this becomes known the husband considers it very shabby treatment and is angry, but, as you know, there are many husbands who confide in their friends the fact that the newly acquired wife is "not a very good housekeeper, although she has many good points," or "it is to be feared her household education has been neglected," and then they grumble and look sour, and in a few days afterwards the wife hears about this improper candor and perhaps she is not very nearly wild! Possibly the first and most important lesson for young couples to learn is to keep their troubles to themselves. The moment their difficulties are noised abroad they will be exaggerated by gossips, general suspicion will create mutual distrust, and the husband and wife will rival one another in trying to make it appear that he or she is the aggrieved and down-trodden party.

A PLEASANT CHAT.

***

About the next snag upon which the matrimonial boat is apt to split is in training the children. I presume there is not more than one case in ten where the husband and wife are a unit as to the method to be employed. When the father punishes a youngster the mother is very apt to fly at him and suggest brutality and the absence of ordinary human tenderness, or it may be that the mother is the one who feels like checking the youth, and the father picks him up and sympathizes with him and thereby neutralizes all the good which has been accomplished. In circumstances like these, it is not unusual for the mother to tell him to bring up his son to suit himself, and that he will doubtless wind up in the penitentiary or on the gallows. It is impossible to have a happy home unless the parents are agreed upon some course which shall be pursued, or if they are not agreed upon any method they must take pains that in the presence of the children at least, one parent shall not antagonize the other. Anything else is destructive of discipline and leads to a contempt in the childish hearts for those whose weakness permits such things, and remember there is no more alert observer or better judge of parental motive than a child! While it is exceedingly unpleasant for the wife, if she has punished one of the children, to have the father sympathize with it as if it had been hardly treated, yet I know many instances where the mother has, by her actions, taught the children to think the father severe almost to brutality, where the children devote all their love and kindness to the mother and the father is utilized for purposes of discipline only, and feels that he is sacrificing the love which should have been his because his wife is over-eager to monopolize it or too weak to do her share in moulding the childish character. It is really a very great injustice and many fathers and mothers have ceased to endeavor to make their children obey them because, for lack of tact, it was made a hard matter, and one or the other found the affections of the youngsters becoming alienated thereby. For instance a father who is indulgent and kind may be determined to be obeyed, while the mother, who is no more indulgent or affectionate is weak in her method, reproaches her husband for being too severe and yet utilizes his discipline by continually threatening: "Now, I'll tell your father if you don't behave yourself," or "If your papa finds that out, you will get a nice dressing;" or when they are noisy in the nursery and she is unable to control them herself she says: "Now, if you don't be still I'll call your papa." This will naturally make the children think that if their papa were dead or away on a visit they could have high old jinks, and they have been known to state their views in a very uncomplimentary manner to the parent in question. This is an exceedingly unjust way to manage children, the weak father or mother for a time getting the benefit of the greater affection, and the one who is doing his or her best to prevent the youngsters from growing up like little savages, gets decidedly the worst of it. It is from such little things as these that the average domestic trouble arises and they are the most heart-wounding.

***

However, all this has but little to do with the case in point. The lesson it suggests is that young women who marry for money are very apt to make a bad bargain. In such a union there is an absence of that love which leads to forgiveness, and every little squabble is hoarded up against some day of judgment which is hurried forward by the increased frequency of matrimonial broils. It is astonishing what errors of youth, women who are really in love, can forgive in a husband. Even departures from the straight and narrow way after marriage are condoned with surprising frequency by a devoted wife. His difficulty on "lodge night" in finding the proper place to put the latch key is not entered in her diary by the loving wife as probably good material in a possible law suit, but is forgiven with a solemn shaking of the head and a warning that "this sort of thing is happening too often." Without mutual love the path must be hard, and rocky and steep. Indiscretions and bad temper are not avoided, but from the nature of things are more apt to occur in such a union than in a loving one, and not only are they more probable but more dangerous. It is often said that when poverty comes in at the door loves flies out at the window, but there is some chance of happiness before love flies away, if fly it must, while in the loveless match, affection being already absent, there isn't even a honeymoon, and it must be remembered that a starvation of the affections, a famine of love, is just as disastrous to happiness and content as when the body is denied its requisite nourishment.

***

We are always congratulating ourselves on the excellent administration of our laws and making invidious comparisons as to the way in which our neighbors to the south of us do things. One thing is certain—that the judges in the Assize Court are overworked and that they are far in arrears. Justice cannot be well served by a judge who lacks time to give the cases upon which he decides full and careful investigation. Moreover, it is a crying shame that some litigants are kept in suspense and are forced to incur great expense because their cases cannot be attended to. If we are to maintain the excellence of our courts judges must be properly paid and there must be plenty of them. If I were to be tried I should be anxious to have my hearing before a man who had not been over-worked and who feels that every extra moment he is giving to the consideration of the points urged in my favor puts him still further in arrears with his other work. No doubt there are plenty of learned lawyers in Toronto who would not object to being promoted to the Bench, and it is in the interests of the public that one or two such promotions should at once be made.

***

It is surprising that the authorities of Toronto permit the Grand Trunk Railway to continue to assassinate people at the level crossings. The Grand Trunk has never hesitated to talk all the law allows it from this city. It makes Montreal its headquarters, and as much as possible treats Toronto as a way station except when this city is held as a lamb to be shorn which occurs whenever the wool gets long enough to make the fleece worth taking off. Why so much leniency should be shown to a corporation which has never given up anything except by force, is an unanswerable conundrum to simple-minded people who have never been in the city council or favored with free transportation over the road. For lo! these many years the newspapers have pointed out the responsibility of the Grand Trunk in the cases of people killed at level crossings where the railway, according to law, should protect the passer-by. Spasmodic attempts have been made to correct the abuse, but years come and go, aldermen and mayors are elected and retired, and still the wrong is not righted. Under these circumstances the newspaper which is hunting with its knife after the lard in the interior of Mayor Clarke's system, makes an undeserved attack when it lays the responsibility of recent killings at his door. He has been busy correcting the mistakes of predecessors; he has worked harder than any other Mayor who has occupied the office since I knew Toronto, devoted twice, yes, thrice as much time to the discharge of his duties, has in fact abandoned all other business, and the financial stress caused by many questions which had to be settled immediately made it impossible for him to at once devote himself to the bringing about of greater public safety at the railway crossings though he has done as much as any other mayor in that direction. As the whole question of the Esplanade and the protection of life and limb is up for settlement it is not surprising that details have been permitted to stand until the possibility of a final and complete arrangement has been realized or abandoned. It emphasizes one of those disagreeable phases of public life when an official is attacked in this unjustifiable manner. While realizing the extent of the affliction visited upon those near to the latest victim, the agitation at the present moment has been made, by the lamentable occurrence, to assume proportions which cannot be easily passed over, and it is to be hoped that the sacrifice of a human life coming at this critical time will not have been made in vain. The Grand Trunk appears to imagine that it has nothing to do but to earn dividends, even if the history of its penuriousness and heartlessness must be written in human blood. The officials have suggested that they don't need a viaduct and are not disposed to build one and that if Toronto wants them to run their trains on an elevated track the city may proceed to build the track. Public opinion is excited to the point which will probably proceed to the demonstration that the Grand Trunk has some responsibilities which can no longer be evaded. If it will not go into the viaduct scheme, it can be forced to put watchmen on all its crossings, and the protection of life can be made so expensive that it will be glad to adopt more modern methods. Now is the time to make the Grand Trunk understand this.

***

Before the contract had been signed for putting down an asphalt pavement on Jarvis street I took occasion to remark that such a roadway would make a hitherto quiet and peaceful locality, a noisy and dirty neighborhood. My prediction has proven true. From one end of the street to the other it is now a procession of drays, swill wagons, scavenger carts, farmers' teams taking hay and produce to the market in one direction and manure the other. It is doubtful if the street has been swept since it was finished. All the filth deposited upon it dries quickly and is wafted by the autumnal winds into the houses on either side, so that now the maids who dust the drawing rooms preserve the material they gather there to enrich the garden. It is the delight of butcher boys to race their horses and of sports to speed their teams and the noisy plunk-plunk of ironclad feet is heard at all hours of the day and night. It may seem like asking for class legislation, but certainly Jarvis street should be protected by a by-law and created an avenue from which heavy teams shall be debarred. The residents of Jarvis street did not expend $130,000 in order to facilitate the hauling of swill and garbage, or the transportation of building material and farm produce. And even if these were kept off the street, the residents have spent enough money for the benefit of those citizens who would still use the thoroughfare, to make it just for the city at large to keep the street clean. If the city does not take some pains to prevent the street becoming a nuisance to those who live on it, it will certainly discourage other localities from making expensive local improvements.

***

I don't think the spectacle of a city banqueting a defeated oarsman and presenting him with a thousand dollars is often to be seen on this continent or any other. The treatment that O'Connor has received from his fellow-citizens should make him feel that Toronto is proud of her honorable and ambitious sons, and that we are capable of measuring worth by a higher standard than success. Torontonians are criticized by the people of other

places as clannish It is a compliment. Loyalty to one another and belief in our boys and in our city is what will make Toronto great. Those who are ignored because of failure, or because the locality in which they live is not accustomed to encourage its citizens, will leave places where such kindness and encouragement cannot be found and come to Toronto.

* *

The doctrine of divine healing has received some attention recently because of alleged cures which have been made by exponents of that belief. Modern miracles are apt to be discounted whether they are alleged to have taken place at the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre or under the hands of prayerful devotees in Toronto. The performance of a miracle does not necessarily mean that the laws of nature have been suspended or interfered with. It may be the calling into play of other laws as powerful as those which we understand, but it is extremely doubtful whether there is anyone now on earth who has power to do this or cause it to be done. Those who believe in special dispensations of Providence should logically believe in faith cures, because if through prayer we can abrogate the laws we know of, or come into contact with, laws of which we are unaware, there is no walk in life, no circumstances by which we may be surrounded, no dangers by which we may be threatened where the influence of such dispensations could not be procured. To those of us who have seen the passionate but heart-broken appeals of those whose loved ones were leaving them, to those who have seen the good perish and the ungodly escape, to those who have witnessed the suffering of the good and the immunity of the wicked, it would seem that prayers have not been answered by any interference with the laws of nature, the current of commerce, or the equally inexorable tide which controls the fate of men in other respects. Knowing the power of imagination which will make healthy men and women when reading a patent medicine circular feel that they are afflicted with all the ills described therein, we can easily believe that in a moment of religious fervor and physical buoyancy invalids may imagine that cures have been made which in reality are only a myth. During the ages which have elapsed since the idea of modern miracles was abandoned we must believe that there have been enough good people in every community with as strong faith as the human heart can feel, who would keep alive the idea of prayer cures if such were consistent with facts or God's will. Such is not the fact, and we are not ready to admit that any small community in Toronto has, through its particular holiness, become endued with powers which the faithful and prayerful of many ages and many climes have been unable to demonstrate. DON.

Social and Personal.

At their smoking concert on Monday evening last, the hospitable bachelors of Tintagel, McCaul street, outdid even themselves. Considerable practice has made these gentlemen adepts in the art of entertaining, and their success in a form of entertainment which requires much care both in its arrangement and in the carrying out, and which, when successful, is particularly delightful, was unqualified. A programme which was commenced soon after nine and which was continued without interruption, save for short intervals for refreshment and a rather longer one for supper, until half-past two, was certainly not lacking in length, but its quality was as conspicuous as its quantity. Much of the best local talent of a certain class, assisted by more than one clever stranger, showed gifts that were as varied as they were genuine, and up till the very last there was no sign of any abatement in the vigorous enjoyment of the large audience. The scope and quality of the work done by the various performers, much of it comparatively unknown, was a revelation to many of the audience, and should ensure a largely increased popularity for this kind of merry-making. To go on to particulars of the programme and to begin with the recitations, Mr. Bromley-Davenport's admirably chosen selection, from Burnand's Happy Thoughts, was excellent. This gentleman's facial expression, and the diverse and difficult "business" which he used to depict the discomfiture of the unhappy follower of harriers, was inimitable. Mr. J. K. Pauw's imitation of Henry Irving in The Bells, in the famous scene where Mathias is under the influence of the mesmerist, is too well known in Toronto to need any further description. It is no caricature of the great actor, but a portrayal which reproduces much of the horror of the thrilling scene and which is wonderfully faithful to the original. Played to an audience which was altogether in sympathy with him and which answered to every point in discourse or song, Mr. Grant Stewart's musical sketch could not but go well. "In a very different place" is one of the best things he ever did. The "razzle-dazzle" trio sung by "Buffalo Bill as he appeared in Paris" (Mr. Wallace Jones), Henry Irving (Mr. Pauw), and a rouged and painted maiden (Mr. Bromley Davenport) fairly brought down the house and was thrice recalled. The make-up and costumes of the three revellers were supremely ludicrous and so were their song and grotesque dance. Mr. Dickey's songs with guitar accompaniment were highly popular. Mr. Alfred Brown and Mr. Wilson gave songs with choruses of the right kind, which were much appreciated. Mr. R. Fox's light, has long been hid under a bushel, for, accompanied by his brother, he gave a song which was one of the most artistic efforts of the evening. Mr. Reginald Thomas gave the song which he has made peculiarly his own and which gained its usual reception. Mr. Bromley Davenport reaped fresh laurels in a song for which he was recalled many times, and in which he introduced many cleverly written topical verses of local, chiefly sporting, events. Mr. Boyd gave a song famous at cricket dinners. The arduous duties of accompanist were very efficiently performed by Messrs. Back, Wallace Jones and Grant Stewart.

*

To the energy and forethought of Mr. Goldingham, the main *entrepreneur* of this gathering, and to the tact and promptitude of Mr. Fox who acted as stage manager, the success of the affair was in great part due. Messrs. Mowat and Drummond were all that hosts should be, while Mr. Thomas resumed the hospitable duties which he has so often fulfilled. The supper was of the kind best suited to the occasion; ice-cream, jellies, etc., were conspicuous by their absence, and the oyster-opener, poor man, can alone have failed to enjoy the meal.

*

Amongst some fifty guests, besides those above mentioned, were Messrs. Sydney Small, Morrison, Kenneth Moffatt, Bethune, Edin Heward, Stephen Heward, E. Fox, the Messrs. Beardmore, the Messrs. Cawthra, the Messrs. Blake, Mr. Wickson of Paris, Mr. Shanly, Mr. Cronyn, Messrs. Brown, Boulton, Ross. I had almost forgotten to mention the performance of a stranger, a visitor from the United States. This gentleman's imitations of a brass band and orchestra, done without other aid than his lips and throat, were extremely clever and entertaining.

*

Mr. Fox, who is farming near Paris, Ontario, is staying with his brother Mr. R. H. Fox at Tintagel, McCaul street. Mr. R. H. Fox leaves shortly for a prolonged stay in England.

*

Mr. Schofield and Miss Emily Schofield of Detroit, Mich., are staying with relations in town. This lady and gentleman intend to make a visit of some months, and their great musical gifts will make the man acquisition to society.

*

The gloom with which the news of the sudden death of Mr. Alec Ramsay has overcast Hamilton society is largely shared in Toronto. Mr. Ramsay was a constant visitor to Toronto, and his popularity here was only second to that which he enjoyed in his native city. The deepest sympathy is felt for his widow and family, who are also well known here. There was a very large attendance of Toronto people at the funeral on Thursday.

*

Mr. Isidore Helmuth of London, Ont., is in town.

*

Mrs. Cattenach of St. George street has returned to town, having made the passage from Europe in the Vancouver. This lady's stay will be but brief, since Mr. Cattenach, although better, will not be able to leave Europe for Canada until the spring, and Mrs. Cattenach is to rejoin him shortly. Without the Cattenach *menage*, and especially without their weekly delightful dinners, a Toronto season cannot but be incomplete.

*

And talking of dinner-parties, we seem, in very many houses at all events, to have seen the last of that system of give and take, which up to two winters ago, was almost univer sally in vogue. The custom of inviting to dinner-parties only those who could return such invitations, was, in many ways, a most objectionable one. I well remember the instance of a lady, three years ago, who told me that on four nights in one week she had been handed in to dinner by the same cavalier. It was experiences of this kind that led to a welcome change. At dinners recently given at Rathnally, Chestnut Park, Glenedyth, Government House and Chudleigh, the advantages of the new fashion have been very patent.

*

It is said that owing to the sad and much lamented death of Mrs. Homer-Dickson, who is a relative of the family, Miss Heward's wedding, on October 23, will be comparatively small and private. Mr. Williams, R. E., is expected at Peter street this week from England. The bride and bridegroom will make a short tour after their marriage, and will return to Toronto for a few weeks before they set sail for England. A quiet wedding, in this case, will be a great disappointment to society.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Gamble Geddes have not greatly prolonged their wedding tour, as they have already reached town and are settling in their new residence.

*

Miss Evelyn Talbot of Sherbourne street has arrived from Europe. Miss Talbot is still another of the season's fair *debutantes*.

*

Miss Maud Vankoughnet is staying with relations at Port Hope. I hear that some of this lady's fair cousins are coming to town for the greater part of the winter. It is these and other belles, amongst frequent visitors, that have given the little lakeside town a reputation for beauty, that is surpassed by no place of its size in Ontario.

*

Amongst the large audience that greeted Janauschek at the Grand on Monday, was more than one fashionable theater party. I noticed amongst others, Mrs. Meyrick-Banks, Miss Dobel, Mr. Benjamin Cronyn, Miss Manning, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Murray, Mr. Hume Blake, Miss Armstrong.

*

I hear that the wedding of Mr. Hume Blake and Miss Manning is to take place early in January.

*

The scandal of the hour at Ottawa is so disgraceful that I cannot remember a parallel to it in Toronto society. Is it the atmosphere of diplomacy and politics which makes the capital so frequent a scene of scandalous intrigues? I can well remember a visit of the young Englishman, who has scandalized even Ottawa, to Toronto. He was much paraded and introduced by one who makes a trade of that sort of thing. The only amusing part of the story is the convincing nature of the evidence of the chief witnesses for the social prosecution.

*

I hear that one of our favorite singers, Miss Ethel Woods of Jarvis street Baptist choir, is to be married to Fred H. Herbert, the genial young architect of Yonge street Arcade, next Wednesday evening, October 16. The ceremony will be performed at the Presbyterian Church, corner of Denison avenue and Wolseley street, by the Rev. Robt. Wallace.

*

Mr. Warring Kennedy, Miss Eva Kennedy and Mr. Herbert Kennedy have returned to Beverley street after a three months' trip to Europe. The charming Miss Kennedy was greatly missed by the large circle of friends who welcomed her home.

Mr. F. Teviotdale has left for his home in Bracebridge for two months, on account of sickness.

*

The marriage of Miss Jennie E. Abbott to Mr. Richard Score (Dick) Brown of Brown Bros., King street east, is announced for Tuesday next, October 15. Judging from the number of invitations which have been sent, the Jarvis street Baptist Church will probably be filled with the guests and many friends of the bride and groom. The ceremony takes place at 7:30 p.m., after which a reception will be held at the residence of the bride's parents on St. Patrick street.

*

On the evening of Friday, October 4, the Young Men's Association of the Northern Congregational Church gave an At Home. The lecture room was changed into a drawing-room for the time being, draperies, bric-a-brac, palms and cut flowers rendering it very attractive. A musical programme was rendered during the evening, and a well-appointed supper was served by Caterer R. J. Lloyd.

*

Professor Clark will (D. V.) give a series of sermons on Sunday evenings in St. Stephen's Church, College street and Bellevue avenue, on the Epistles to the Seven Churches of Asia. The first sermon of the series will be delivered on the evening of Sunday, October 20. An introductory sermon will be preached on the morning of Sunday, October 13. The seats in this church are free.

*

J. G. Hodgins, LL.D., Inspector of High Schools, was married last week to Miss Helen Fortescue Scoble. The bride has lately been residing in England, though her home was formerly in Toronto, where she is well known and highly esteemed. Miss Scoble became Mrs. Hodgins on her arrival in New York. The ceremony took place in Rev. Dr. Rainsford's church, Rev. Dr. Wilson officiating.

*

It was announced by mistake in last week's issue, that a dance was given the previous Wednesday evening at the residence of Mrs. Albert Nordheimer. It was given by Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenedyth.

*

Mr. A. F. Royce has returned to the city, after a three months' tour in Europe.

*

Mr. Alfred Curran, the well known vocalist, who left Toronto for New York eighteen months ago, has returned to the city to take charge of the Wesley Methodist Choir, Dundas street. His return will be a valuable addition to the singing talent of the city and he has been warmly welcomed by his many old friends.

*

Mr. Roy V. Somerville, who lately sold the Dundas *Banner* to Mr. A. F. Pirie, formerly editor of the *Telegram*, has been made general advertising agent of the C. P. R., with headquarters at Montreal. Roy Somerville is one of the brightest young men on the Canadian press, a thorough good fellow, and everyone is glad to hear of his good fortune. The *Banner* readers are also fortunate in having Mr. Pirie as their future scribe. His never failing good nature, as well as his ability, will make the *Banner* a still more pleasant paper to read.

*

Mr. J. Marvin Briggs, of the Bank of Commerce, is spending his vacation by taking a trip to Cincinnati O., and Louisville, Ky., returning by way of Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York.

*

Mrs. E. F. Clarke is in Chicago visiting her sister, Mrs. Otter. Before her marriage Mrs. Otter resided in this city, where her rich contralto voice was well-known and appreciated by concert goers.

*

Miss Maud Fleming, niece of Hon. Sandford Fleming, is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Frank Fleming of Grosvenor street. Miss Fleming will remain in Toronto during the season.

*

Messrs. C. P. and A. A. Archbold returned from Europe Wednesday, after an absence of over two months.

*

Mr. St. John Smith and his sister "Gettie" are on a visit to their brother, Wm. H. Smith of Chicago, and while away will visit relatives in Bay City and Grand Rapids, Mich.

*

A gay company gathered on Wednesday afternoon at the residence of Mr. Richard Dennis, Queen street avenue, to witness the marriage of his daughter Lizzie to Mr. Arthur Abbot. Miss Emily Owen was bridesmaid, and Mr. James Owen best man. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Thomas of Jarvis street Baptist Church. Among the invited guests were: The Mayor and Mrs. Clarke, Hon. T. W. and Mrs. Anglin, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Score, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sara, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Bingham, Mr. Alex. B. Craig, Mr. and Mrs. A. Dennis, Mr. Geo. S. Ewart. Mr. and Mrs. Abbot left the city by the 11 o'clock train for Buffalo and western cities.

*

Mrs. John C. Frost of 581 Ontario street and Mrs. H. C. Cochran sailed for Scotland via New York, Thursday, October 10, to spend the winter with friends.

*

On Tuesday, at the residence of Mr. Geo. W. Edgar, Dr. J. F. Gilmour, M.P.P. for West York, was married to Miss Maggie Edgar, daughter of the late John Edgar of this city. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Harper, in the presence of a few relatives and intimate friends. The bride wore an elegantly designed toilette of cream satin merveilleux. The guests were Mrs. John Edgar, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Edgar, Mrs. Gilmour, Dr. and Mrs. Clendenan, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Harper, Miss Plewes, Dr. W. H. Harris, and Mr. H. H. Dewart. Dr. and Mrs. Gilmour left after the wedding breakfast for an extended trip through the Western States and along the Pacific coast.

*

On Tuesday in St. Mary's Church was solemnized the marriage of Miss Lizzie Higgins and Mr. George Gordon Macpherson. Very Rev. Vicar-General Rooney officiated, assisted by Rev. Father Kiernan. The bridesmaid was Miss Mollie Higgins while Mr. J. A. Macdonagh supported the groom. Among the guests from a distance were Mr. and Mrs. James Macpherson, Mr. and Mrs. William Macpherson and Mr. Charles Cameron of Hamilton. The wedding breakfast was served at the Queen's Hotel and the young people departed on their wedding journey by a midday train. Mrs. Macpherson was a skilled pianist, having spent many years in the study of music at Leipsic, and her loss will be much felt in musical circles in the city.

*

Mrs. Sheraton, wife of the principal of Wycliffe College, entertained the graduates and some of the students at an At Home on Wednesday evening. A most enjoyable time was spent by all. Refreshments were served by Harry Webb.

*

Mrs. Kirkland of Jarvis street gave an At Home on Thursday evening.

*

Cards are out for the marriage of Miss Ince of Grosvenor street, to Mr. Langmuir, which takes place on Wednesday next.

Out of Town.

BARRIE.

On Wednesday afternoon, October 2, a most successful At Home was given at Inglenook by Mrs. J. H. McKegie who was assisted in receiving her guests by her sister, Mrs. Downey of Whitby and Miss MacLennan of the same place. Those whom I noticed in the drawing-room were Mrs. Andros, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Geo. J. Mason, Mrs. J. L. McCarthy, Mrs. Dickinson, Mrs. Cotter, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. J. Mockeridge, Mrs. Haughton Lennox, Mrs. D. Holmes, Mrs. McConkey, Mrs. Chas. Ross, Mrs. Jeffry McCarthy, Mrs. J. Forsyth, Mrs. Allan Lloyd, Mrs. Clifford Thomson and others. In the evening an impromptu dance was given for young people. The floor of the room which had been set apart for dancing, being carefully waxed, was all that could be wished by those who indulged in the mazy dance. It was not until the small hours that the guests bade adieu to their hostess. Those who participated in the evening's pleasure were: Mr. and Miss Grace Campbell, Mr. E. Mitchell, Mr. George Eaton, the Misses Mason, Mr. Hornsby, Mr. Lauder, Miss Cotter, Miss Spry, Mr. T. R. Boys, Mr. Gillett, Miss Holmes, Miss Forsyth, Mr. A. Giles and Mr. L. McCarthy.

Miss Reiner of the Rectory gave a charming At Home on Thursday evening, October 3. Quite a number of young people were present and all seemed to have an exceedingly pleasant time. Some of the dresses worn were very handsome and much admired. The following were present: Miss Hewett, the Misses Foster, Mr. Geo. Eaten, Mr. Alves Boys, Miss Kortright, Mr. F. H. Lauder, Mr. B. and Miss Schreiber, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Miss Brydon, Mr. E. Mitchell, the Misses Mason, Miss Bertie Stewart, Lieut. Hugh Kortright, Mr. W. D. B. and Miss Spry, Miss Way, Mr. W. and Miss Grace Campbell, Miss Murphy, Mr. R. C. Gillett, Miss H. Bird, Mr. H. McVittie, the Misses Baker, Miss Holmes, Mr. Fairbairn, Mr. A. Giles, Mr. T. R. Boys, Dr. W. A. Ross, Mr. H. Arnall, Mr. E. R. Morton, and Mr. Meeking

The Thespians held a very good meeting recently at the residence of Mrs. D. Spry. The members are contemplating giving a play this season.

Miss Pringle of the Isle of Guernsey, who has been spending a few months with Mrs. Andros of Normanville, left on Monday to return to England. Capt. Andros also intends sailing at the same time for the old country where he purposes spending the winter.

Colonel and Mrs. Roper of North Wales, who have been the guests of Lady Kortright of Hillside for the summer, return home on Monday next. Miss Kortright and Miss Grace Campbell accompany them, the latter is to spend the months with relatives in Edinburgh, Scotland. Their many friends wish them bon voyage.

Mrs. Geo. Raikes and child also leave on Monday, October 14, to sail by the Vancouver and intend spending three months in England.

Mrs. Vansittart has returned home after spending a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. Charles Temple of Toronto. OCULAIRE.

BELLEVILLE.

Mrs. Sewell has returned to Quebec.

Miss Hattie Willson has returned from Regina.

Miss Mary Falkiner leaves on Friday, October 11, for a visit to friends in Toronto.

Mrs. Casey, Miss Biggar, Miss Maria Biggar and Miss Elliott of Toronto occupied a box in the Opera House at the Reform demonstration in honor of Hon. W. Laurier.

Mrs. E. Guss Porter has gone to Syracuse, N.Y., to visit friends.

Mr. R. Mathison has returned from a business trip to Guelph.

Miss F. Wood of Madoc has been visiting Miss Bella Mathison at the Institute.

The churches of St. Thomas, St. John, and Christ Church have had their harvest festivals. The sacred edifices were beautifully and tastefully decorated by the ladies of the respective congregations.

Mrs. George held her receptions this week, as well as last week, on account of the very unfavorable state of the weather.

Mr. S. Lazier has removed to his residence in town, purchased from Mr. Thos. Donnelly.

Books Received.

A Hardy Norseman, by Edna Lyall, author of Donovan, We Two, etc. Illustrated edition. William Bryce, publisher, Toronto. Price 25 cents.

Sheba and Mr. Strange's Sealed Packet—30 cents each—National Publishing Co.'s Red Letter Series. Mr. Strange's Sealed Packet is an exceedingly clever and interesting story after the Jules Verne and Rider Haggard style.

Hints on Art Silk Needle Work.

Ladies who are interested in this beautiful work should send for a copy of our sixty-four page Book entitled: Hints on Art Needle Work, just published, handsomely and profusely illustrated with patterns of many new and beautiful articles, stitches for the most decorative work with our Art Wash Silks now so popular for home fancy work. It also contains a table of shading for flowers and birds, and much information, valuable and instructive, for those who have a taste for Silk Embroidery Work. Sent free by mail on receipt of six cents in stamps. Belding, Paul & Co., Silk Manufacturers, Montreal.

Art In Dress.

There are indications that the "Box" overcoat will be more worn than usual during the coming season. Taylor & Co., Art Tailors, 89 Yonge street.

Where It Would Do Good.

Book Canvasser—I have a valuable work here, called How to Strengthen the Memory. Can't I sell you a copy?

Householder—Strengthen the memory? No. My memory is all right. But I wish you would call on the man who lives four doors below and tell him I told you to call. I lent him $5 three months ago, and he said he'd pay me on the following Saturday night. I have not seen the money yet, and his memory must be in a terrible condition. He should have a copy of your book at once.

A Born Book Agent.

There is a marvellous girl in Lake Village, N. H. The other day she was playing at home with a rope around her neck. The house was struck by lightning and, as the story goes, the rope was destroyed by the electric current, but the child escaped uninjured. A month ago the same girl was struck and thrown into a ditch by the locomotive of an express train, but was not hurt.

LATEST WALTZES

FOR YOU—on Sydney Smith's Song.... *(May Outlere)* 60c
FIDDLE AND I—on Goodeve's Song.... *(Otto Roeder)* 60c
MIA BELLA ..... *(Otto Roeder)* 60c
SUNSHINE AND SHADE ..... *(Theo. Bonheur)* 60c
LOVE'S GOLDEN DREAM (250, 0-0 so'd) " 75c

For Sale by all Music Dealers, or o.

EDWIN ASHDOWN
AND
Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association,
13 Richmond Street West.

FOR AN
Engagement or Birthday Present

One of those Ladies' Gold Watches about the size of a half-dollar, with plain polished case and monogram on front-back, will be sure to please. I have just received some from the factory.

E. BEETON
High Grade Watch Specialist
Opposite Post Office

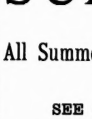
SOUTHERN TOURS
Yachting Trips Among the Islands
Bermuda Nassau Havana
Cuba Mexico West Indies, &c.
For information as to Sailings, Rates, Pamphlets, &c., apply to
BARLOW CUMBERLAND
72 Yonge Street - - Toronto.

NEW GLOVES
Just Received
A very fine lot of
Walking and Driving Gloves
in the following popular makes:
Crewen Tan, Gordon Tan and Cheverette---Extra Quality
Also a full range of
VERY FINE BUCK GLOVES
These goods are made to order for us by
FOWNES BROS.

Bilton Bros
TAILORS AND FURNISHERS
69 King Street West, Toronto

MISS M. MORRISON
41 KING STREET WEST
Having now returned from New York, is prepared to show a large and choice assortment of
MILLINERY NOVELTIES,
NEW VEILINGS, Etc.
Special attention has been given to the Dressmaking Department, which is complete with a select stock of Dress Goods and Dress Trimmings.

MISSES E. & H. JOHNSTON
122 KING STREET WEST,
OPPOSITE THE ROSSIN HOUSE,
Miss Johnston has returned from Paris, London and New York with a full line of
Novelty Dress Goods and Trimmings
DISPLAY OF
PATTERN HATS AND BONNETS
These goods are now being opened.


THE FINEST DIAMOND RING
Ever offered in the Dominion for $20. Sent by registered post to any address in Canada on receipt of price and size; which includes a handsome box. Address J. FRED WOLTZ, Diamond Broker, 41 Colborne street, Toronto, Canada.

SCARFS
All Summer Scarfs Must Go
SEE OUR PRICES
One lot, Two for 25c., also a line at 25c. each, and our best goods at 50c. each.
Selling Very Fast
WHEATON & CO.
17 King St. West, cor. Jordan

TRADE MARK
W. F. ROSS & CO
ROOM 1,
55 AND 57 ADELAIDE STREET EAST,
TORONTO.
High Grade Non-Magnetic Swiss & American
WATCHES
Gold and Silver—Wholesale and Retail

The Actor's Dream.

For Saturday Night.

Five minutes once saved and changed my life!

Don't interrupt! I wouldn't have started if I hadn't intended telling you the story.

A few years ago—never mind how far back—I was acting star parts with a company that was on the road at the time; it was a well-known combination then, although it's forgotten now—besides, I do not care to resurrect it, so I'll leave its name alone. Well, I was leading man; my wife took leading lady parts, and between us both the manager made pretty good business.

We had not been married long. We were playing Romeo and Juliet at the time, when I was startled one night by noticing how ill my little wife looked. I could tell she felt ill, too; so after we left the boards that night I went off for a doctor.

"Complete rest! No more acting yet awhile! and she'll soon come round. Let her spend more time with her baby boy."

Ah! I knew I'd forget something, and repeating the words of the doctor has reminded me that a few weeks prior to the doctor's visit my wife had become a mother. With the words of my medical adviser ringing in my ears I hastened to the manager.

"Mr. Robertson," I blurted out, "you must change your bill! Juliet is too unwell to perform to-morrow night!"

"Nonsense! All d——d nonsense! Wasted enough time over your wife already! See here! I tell you what it is, Juliet takes her cue to-morrow night or you and your delicate baggage go!" And he turned away grumbling in a series of oaths that I was well used to.

You mustn't think I was a coward! Heaven knows I would have done anything—but go. Ah! I knew only too well what that meant. I had not traveled this life as a Thespian long before I found out what going meant; beggary and starvation were before me in their giant forms, and frightened me into submission.

With a beating heart I told my wife, protesting as I spoke against her acting. I can recall so clearly how she insisted, "She was quite well!" "She never felt better!" "Of course she would take her part," and so on, till she wrung a regretful consent from me. With a horrible dread I watched her through her loving speeches; Juliet herself could not have moved her Romeo more, and with all my passions surging and swelling within me, I responded.

Down at last went the curtain on an enthusiastic audience, and down fell my wife. Then she was in my arms, but she, my sweet wife, had fled, for I held but her corpse next my breast. How much, then, would I have given to be able to lie down beside her—my sweet one—and die. But peace was not for me; anger and passion were no good against a callous manager; brutal remarks were the only satisfaction I could obtain. Insane with grief, stupid and well worn out, I consented, for peace's sake to act on the following night, but begged for Hamlet, and with an eye to business the manager assented.

To me, now years after, everything is plain; but then all things were in a mist, I walked as one in a dream, I knew not what I did. And yet next night I strode across the green carpet and declaimed my favorite part to an audience that appeared to be half crazy with enthusiasm; never in all my life did I so enthrall them. And then came the thought to me—as I lay reclining on the paltry sofa, watching the strolling players reciting their set parts (while before mine eyes dimmed with tears, rose my little wife and her boy, safe now, in his mother's arms), then came the thought to me, of release, of suicide; I too would join them; would seek that "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns!"

Quickly on my last exit, I found a knife to replace the toy I usually made use of; scornfully I threw the old property aside, as I looked tenderly at my new stage effect, and then I recollect, I sat down, adding to the glisten of the knife by rubbing it against my leather shoes.

Just a few moments now and the property man would be calling me. On went my busy hand. On! on! sharper and sharper grew the blade. Soon it grew brighter and brighter! larger and larger! until I felt I was in the midst of its light; and lo! the stage had vanished. Ye Gods! I was home! Back again to the old vicarage I had run away from in the years before.

The chimes in the church close by were ringing out their old sweet message, Rock of Ages, and each bell seemed to be struggling to speak to me individually. So! I have returned on a Sunday, methought! and then thro' the trees, down the same old path, came my father, with the same old sermon case under his arm, and in his hand a bunch of violets. Where is the mother? I queried. Perhaps one of the boys is ill! Ah! good God! What fresh grave is that? Why does the old governor place those violets there so tenderly? Let me look! Let me see! Sacred to the memory! sacred to the!— Oh! mother! mother! surely I read wrong!

On went the pater into church, thro' the vestry door and on followed I, wondering.

All through the hymn I stood amazed! all through the litany—leaning up against a pillar.

Then came the sermon.

Come unto me, all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Rest! yes! that was what I wanted—my father was surely speaking to me.

Yes! he was addressing me—me alone. It was the story of the prodigal son.

"Then the young man made up his mind to go home! to be a man—to be brave—to be straightforward—and he said in his heart as he did when he met his father."

"'Father I will return—but I am no more worthy to be called thy son.' Aye! and his father, as would I (here the dear old voice trembled), rejoiced, and welcomed him, for great was his love for his boy."

Then a feeling of deep penitence filled my soul, and I tried to speak, but as I uttered the word: Father—I felt a shake.

. . . . . .

I was back—it was a dream—the knife was on the floor—the property man was calling me by name—the British public were being kept waiting.

That five minutes saved me. I finished the play—but next day saw me tramping home.

A. F. A.

Serenade.

For Saturday Night:

Sweet Deborah open your violet eyes,
And list while my love I tell,
I voice but the longings in tender wise,
That deep in my bosom dwell.

'Tis true the blue violets hide themselves
In lushest of meadow grass,
But I trow they peep as the tripping elves
Through the shimmering moonlight pass

The gauzy-winged butterfly hovers near them,
And their odorous breathing sips,
While the tremulous dew-drooping plant stem
Bids him steal from the honeyed lips.

Then Deborah how can you still decry
By your manner such innocent bliss,
Surely harm doth not lie in the glance of an eye,
Nor yet in a lover's kiss.

Fashion Chatter.

DEAR MOLLIE,—Did you ever have a pair of gloves which were dear to your heart, but hopelessly worn as to fingers and aggravatingly presentable as to the long wrists. Now those pretty soft undressed kid wrists will make the daintiest little bags imaginable. Cut one of the wrists off just at the opening for the hand, sew the top together half an inch from the edges, and cut the extra half inch into strips for fringe, line the top with bright silk and draw with a ribbon to match. Boot buttons, glove buttons, cotton and needles or manicure implements will find a cosy resting place there; and when you are traveling this little bag will prove a treasure for carrying money or jewelry which you don't want in your pocket, and which you will likely feel anxious about if it be in your trunk. Perhaps you are not afflicted with the craze for bags, but they are so convenient, will bear so much packing and wear so well that I prefer them to boxes for carrying the little "must haves."

Do you not think the present priscilla is a rather ungainly receptacle for the etcoteras we are obliged to carry about? I admit they will contain an astonishing number of parcels; and that they can be folded and put away in one's pocket at pleasure. Necessity, however, would oblige me to forego that pleasure, and until I can find a small, leather shopping bag to exactly suit me, I intend to carry an interesting assortment in my one pocket; though I groan mentally when I am forced to travel the whole depth for a penknife or eraser.

It was with some amusement that I read recently of an English author who papered the walls of his house with brown wrapping paper. He saw no beauty in the ordinary wall-paper, and I do not much wonder at that; though it seems to me that wrapping paper would not be a great improvement. The ingrain papers in solid colors, with handsome two-shade borders picked out with gold, are my ideal wall-hangings. They form an excellent back-ground for pictures, and give a room a look of elegance, which is wanting when the walls are a mass of curved lines, and unnatural specimens of the floral kingdom in hateful colors.

Just now tartans are to the front—the very front. The fashion is English, and because the Queen's grand-daughter married a Scotch nobleman, the tartans we must have. They are pretty, bright, and look comfortable which three points are much in their favor; but tartans have such an aggravating fashion of settling themselves into one's mind, that long before a dress is worn out, every line and color is a fixture in the brain.

How pretty the little side combs look in the hair. There are so many sizes and shapes of them, and they are made of such various materials, that every fancy, purse and color of hair should be suited. The prettiest I have seen are of amber, but they look well in silver, oxydized silver, steel, tortoiseshell, jet, coral or gold.

A pretty little spool basket is made by lining one of the quaint little Japanese ones with bright silk, making tiny bags for odds and ends, a strap for scissors, a cushion for needles, and a little case for a thimble. If one has handy all the necessaries for taking the proverbial stitch in time, the dreadful nine will be avoided; and besides the little basket is dainty, and we all like dainty touches in our rooms.

Your sincere friend,

CLIP CAREW.

For Business.

In the matter of the workaday dress Fashion is rather more indulgent as to variety of shapes and materials than in her demands for other and more ornate occasions. And yet it is equally as important that the business attire of the man who desires to be called well dressed, shall be perfect in design, in fit, and in the harmony of all its parts. The necessity for this is apparent. How can a man maintain a reputation for taste in dress if his apparel merely conforms to a fixed model upon one occasion while plainly violating the ordinances of good taste when thrown more upon his own resources by the freer choice permitted. Thus it will be seen that the selection of the business suit is quite as momentous a task as the procurement of the evening attire.

Man wants but little here below
And wants that little good.

He will find it in a handsome business suit selected from the choice fabrics of Henry A. Taylor, the Fashionable West End Tailor, Rossin House Block.

"Polly want a cracker?"—*Time.*

Needless Alarm.

Sentry—Stop! Who goes there!

Country-woman (with a large basket)—You needn't be afraid; I shan't hurt you.

BARGAINS FOR EVERYBODY

The bankrupt stock of F. Qua & Co., 49 King Street West, consisting of Toys, Games, Books, Fancy Goods, etc., has been removed to

Rosenbaum's Bazaar, 159 King St. East

and will be disposed of at great reductions. Camp Beds, Tennis, Racquets, Balls, Nets and Shoes, Boxing Gloves, Fishing Tackle, etc., in great variety.

Armson & Stone.

Handsome Embroidered Dress Patterns now selling at $5.90 to $8.90 the dress—a special value

Beualine Silks in Every Shade

This Handsome Coat, Elegantly Braided, only $5 75

DIRECT IMPORTERS
212 Yonge Street

THE BEST PLACE IN THE CITY IS CUNNINGHAM'S JEWELRY STORE
For Manufacturing New Designs in
Jewelry, Diamonds and Watches
77 Yonge St., 2 Doors North of King

BEEF, IRON & COCOA WINE

ORIGINAL SIZE 75c FULL STRENGTH

Why pay $1 for ordinary Beef, Iron and Wine when you can save 25 per cent. and get the improved Beef, Iron and Cocoa Wine? Recommended by physicians and sold by all the leading druggists.

CENTURY DRUG CO.
Geo. A. Bingham
100 Yonge Street, Toronto
Sole Agent for Canada.

TEAS

Fine English Breakfast, Moning and Kaisow Congous. New season's Japan, Gunpowder and Young Hyson Teas.

THE GEO. W. SHAVER CO.
DIRECT IMPORTERS
Telephone 1850. 244 Yonge and 2 Louisa Sts.
N B—Wholesale and retail agents for Cerealine Flakes and Granula.

ABOVE ALL THINGS
Do Not Buy Inferior Hair Goods

It only results in trouble and annoyance.

New York wholesalers are palming off a common class of manufactured Hair Goods. They look nice enough in glass cases, but give them a couple of days' wear and see the useless mass they will turn into. If you must have a cheap class of goods then, rather get them of a cheaper manufacturer, but avoid buying a poor quality of hair. Don't be in a hurry to buy. See all others and examine Dorenwend's; and if you don't admit that you can get better value for your money at the Paris Hair Works you can have the goods for nothing

Frontpieces, Bangs, Waves, Wigs, Switches, &c., &c

A. DORENWEND, Paris Hair Works, 103 and 105 Yonge Street

A. E. FAWCETT
Successor to C. Sheppard
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST
67 King Street West
Physicians' prescriptions and family recipes accurately compounded. Telephone No. 73

FASHIONABLE LADIES' HAIR-DRESSING
FOR THE SEASON 1889-1890

Ladies who desire to have their hair dressed for the coming Balls, Soirees Concerts, Theater, etc., at Armand's Hair Store or at ladies' own residences, are kindly informed to make their appointments at least three or four days in advance. We should be sorry if we would have to disappoint our regular customers. We desire the lady's to take kindly notice of this. Also ladies' Hair-cutting, Singeing and Shampooing.

Hair Ornaments—The latest and most elegant styles of Aigrettes. Also the handsomest fine cut Steel Combs and Pins. Real Tortoiseshell shell and Real Amber Combs and Pins of the prettiest designs to be seen. Latest styles of Side Combs, Oxydized Silver Pins. ARMAND'S HAIR STORE, 407 Yonge Street 407 Opposite T. M. C. A. Buildings, Toronto.

J. & J. LUGSDIN
THE LEADING
Hatters and Furriers
101 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

EARLY FALL GOODS
W. A. MURRAY & CO.

Have now opened 250 cases of British and Foreign Novelties for the Early Fall Trade, consisting of Silks, Velvets, Plushes, French Dress Goods, Fancy Flannels, Lace Goods, Dress Trimmings, Fancy Ribbons, Mantles, Jackets, Ulsters, Wraps, Children's Mantles, Cloakings, Shawls, Skirts, Corsets, Children's Dresses and Fancy Goods of every description.
Early inspection invited by

W. A. MURRAY & CO.
17, 19, 21, 23, 25 and 27 KING STREET EAST, and 12 COLBORNE STREET, TORONTO

FURS! FURS!
JAMES HARRIS & CO.
99 Yonge Street

Are now showing a magnificent range of BOAS and MUFFS in BEAR and all fashionable furs.

Our Large Full Black Boas
at $15 are the best ever offered in the city at the price.

Seal Mantles and Walking Jackets
ARE OUR SPECIALTY

We guarantee a PERFECT FIT, and use only the best material in their manufacture.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

JAMES HARRIS & CO.
99 Yonge Street, Toronto

TRY OUR NEW PATENT

YATISI YATISI

CORSET

This is the most perfect-fitting and comfortable corset in the market.

Crompton Corset Co'y
Sole Manufacturers for the Dominion

THE PARMELEE ROOFING AND PAVING CO.
GRAVEL ROOFING
For all kinds of Flat Roofs.
ASPHALT PAVING
For Cellar Bottoms, Sidewalks, Breweries, Stables, etc., etc.
Estimates given for all parts of Ontario.
10 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO.

The Light Running Domestic Sewing Machine.

The first High Arm, the first Cylinder Shuttle, the first Large Bobbin, the first Drop Leaf, the first Self Setting Needle, the first Loose Pulley, the first Under Braider

R. C. WILLIAMSON
617 Queen St. West.

STOVEL & CO.
LADIES' TAILORS
COSTUME AND HABIT MAKERS

PRACTICAL BUSINESS EDUCATION

TORONTO BUSINESS COLLEGE
SPECIAL MASTER IN EACH DEPARTMENT
DAY AND EVENING SESSIONS, INDIVIDUAL INSTRUCTION

FALL TERM RE-OPENS SEPTEMBER 2.
For circulars address J. M. Crowly, Proprietor and Manager, cor. Yonge and Shuter Streets, Toronto, Canada.

H. S. MORISON & CO.
The Great Mantle and Dress House

Are showing a beautiful assortment of the leading makes and style in fine dress fabrics, comprising:

French Pattern Dresses
Broche Combinations
Hindoo Twills
Royal Venetian Cloths
Embroidered Costumes
Henrietta Cloths
Mantles, Jackets, Russian Circulars, Children's Mantles
Maids' Ulsters

Best assorted stock in the city.

DRESSMAKING
Our Specialty. Estimates Furnished. Prices Moderate

Our Modiste has just returned from New York, where she has procured the latest styles and some of the newest ideas in Dresses, Dress Materials, &c.

A Handsome Lot of Novelties in Trimmings
Just Arrived

TWO BEAUTIFUL WIVES.

By HELEN M. MERRILL.

[For Saturday Night]

"My beautiful, brown-eyed blossoms; fair, little daisies. Some day they will place you above me among the green mounds, and I shall never see again the bright sunshine upon your sweet faces."

And a frail and almost transparent little hand reached out to touch the snowy flowers.

A sofa placed near a window was piled with dainty pillows, and on them a beautiful woman lay dying. The mellow October sunlight shone in through tilting vines, lighting her golden curls and her fair violet eyes and touching with gentle caresses her pale cheeks and lips.

"Hush, darling, hush!" and Lenobiet Frechette touched the soft, fragrant petals of a full-blown pink rose to the lips of his young wife, but after a brief pause she spoke again:

"Lenobiet!"

"Well, dear?"

"There is something I wish to tell you; will you not be displeased with me when you hear it?"

"Mona, my love, displeased with you! Why, no; a thousand times no!"

"Well, then," she began, hesitatingly, "I've been thinking that it would be ever so much easier to leave you if I knew that you would never love anyone else—I mean never marry again. Forgive me! It seems selfish, but you know I love you so!" And the two soft, white arms were clasped about his neck; his tears falling gently upon the golden curls.

"My Mona," he murmured, "the sweetest flower of the garden is mine—I shall never love again!"

Day by day he tenderly cared for her. But in October when the leaves were fading, and scarce a wild flower bloomed on the hillside, she died in his arms, near the open casement, where the pale moonlight was shining in through tangles of leafless vines.

The wind came moaning through the night like a sorrowing spirit, and the mournful cry of a lonely whip-poor-will floated over the meadow. Closed forever were the sweet, violet eyes; the pale lips hushed in silence. And ere the week ended, they laid the beautiful Mona away to rest in the little trellised plot beneath the maples.

Early the next morning when the dawn came stealing in from the east, Lenobiet awakened from a short and troubled sleep. His eyes rested at first on the bright sunbeams in the window, and then wandered away to a painting of Mona in her bridal gown. The dim light from a side window just glimmered in the deep recess of the gilded frame where shadows were playing, and a gentle tremor seemed to stir the soft folds of the silken robe.

"Oh! Mona, Mona, where are you gone, darling!" he cried; and suddenly a gentle flutter filled the air, and a bird perched on a gilt flower pendant from the frame. It was one of her pets, and it had come to sing to him in the early dawn. It filled the room with its sweet, liquid notes, which went to his heart and vibrated in every nerve, paining so keenly with the deep wound that he thought he must surely die.

Out into the garden he hurried; down among the leafless rose vines and beyond into the maples where the dead leaves were lying in golden drifts along the narrow foot-paths.

"I cannot endure this," he exclaimed, passing his hand several times over his hot brow. "If I stay here I shall die; not a bird, not a leaf, not a sound but reminds me of you, Mona. Oh! where are you, darling!" and he walked slowly along under the trees where some small, grey wood birds were chirping, and on to the little plot where lay a pretty mound ridged inch-deep with mosses.

He lingered in the shadow of the maples for some time, till the sun lighted the golden leaves and the sweet maiden flowers peeped up from the quaint little church down by the river side. Then turning slowly away he went back to the house.

Madame Frechette, an aunt of his, a sweet, motherly old lady who had come to the Villa during Mona's illness, met him on his way in, and drawing him into the cheery library expressed a desire to travel during the winter; and yielding to her persuasions, Lenobiet promised to accompany her.

So the first week of November found them sailing over the ocean toward the old world. After traveling from place to place till early in the spring, Madame Frechette suggested that they seek some pleasant place in Italy where nature lavished so much beauty everywhere, and there remain until the time came to return to the once happy home across the sea.

Lenobiet was much pleased with Madame's plans, and never wearied trying to make her sojourn by the beautiful Mediterranean a very pleasant one.

Hour after hour they spent by the blue water sketching and painting. Sometimes on the bright mornings they wandered along the shore, or on calm evenings floated off in a shallop over the waters of the pretty bay, discovering at all times some new and pleasing form of beauty.

By-and-bye they accepted invitations to the homes of acquaintances, and then there were the operas, the gay theatres, and everywhere the fascinating *bella donna*.

Thus the golden hours melted into days until several seasons had passed, and Madame Frechette beginning to realize that Lenobiet had grown really gay again, suggested that they return to Canada in August. Ever ready to obey her slightest wish he cheerfully assented.

Several days later, having heard of a rare species of butterfly said to be found in that locality, and anxious to obtain specimens for his cabinet, he sauntered out of town toward a shady grove lying along the shore. In the course of several hours, he discovered a small clearing, sprinkled with bright blossoms and tufts of pale fern, he suddenly caught sight of a gorgeous, gold spotted butterfly dallying lazily over the flowers. Bending low, he cautiously drew near as it settled over a great yellow blossom; and in a twinkling his net covered and held it, a beautiful captive.

There is nothing in all the world more truly delightful to a naturalist than the finding of some new and perfect specimen—a dowsy, fluttering butterfly.

On his way homeward, while turning a street corner on the outskirts of the town, a dark and beautiful maiden emerged from a bower of vines and lemon trees, and walked quietly on before him. Close in her footsteps followed a stern-looking *duenna*, glancing neither to right nor to left, but keeping her eyes ever before her on her fair charge, whose form was like that of some Grecian goddess.

"Castor and Pollux! What hair—what eyes!" Lenobiet exclaimed under his breath.

Never since his dear wife had died had he seen a face like this; whose sweet, girlish beauty, sweeping in like a flood of trembling sunbeams, stirred the numbed pulses of his wounded heart—and scarce knowing what he did, he followed up one street and down another, till attracted by a pitiful cry, the signora turned from the walk into a garden. Near the entrance stood a wee child—her dainty gown tangled among the sharp thorns of a blossoming vine.

"Mamma, mamma!" she sobbed, trying again to free her garment from the clinging thorns. The beautiful lady with the shining curls and the floating lace, approached; and carefully drawing away the white folds one by one, till the pretty dress was free again, stooped and kissed the velvet cheeks of the little one, placed a couple of large pale, blossoms in her baby hands, and bade her run indoors to mamma.

Lenobiet lingered near and just as the ladies passed from the garden, the older one caught sight of him, turned and followed the girl, closer to the fair girl. Afraid of attracting further notice, he then turned for the second time toward home, quite determined to see the young lady again very soon.

Night after night, he haunted theater and opera—flitting from one place of amusement to another wherever he fancied he might chance to see her.

One evening at the end of the third week, quite discouraged, he accepted an invitation to the home of a friend; and while making his way through the gay throng gathered there, he discovered at last, the beautiful signora!

She was listening to a blue-eyed foreigner relating an interesting story of the time he had had among the moun ains in Southern France. She leaned a little forward, her red lips slightly parted, showing a glimpse of her of perfect pearls. Her cheeks, soft and clear and olive-tinted, brightened with a vivid blush whenever a thrilling incident was introduced by the narrator.

Lenobiet placed his hand on his friend's arm and stood still, his eyes resting while on the fair face among the crimson blossoms in the window.

"Who is she?" he asked. And just as her name was spoken he girl looked from behind her—their eyes met—and Nina, as she drew back among the cool, blooming vines to hide the blush that burned upon her cheek, felt the dead spirit of a new life creep like a delicious dream deep into her soul.

A dainty girl with roguish eyes, and lips like red, red cherries was leaning against a tilted branch of soft, green foliage telling to a group of eager listeners a pretty legend of a spring hidden away among the rocks and shrubs down near the shore.

"A long, long time ago, a beautiful maiden lived with her grandmother in a cot in yonder grove," she said, pointing northward. "Well, one day a landscape painter came to pass the day, discovered her plucking golden blossoms from a great, coiling vine, and straightway lost his heart to her." Here she bestowed a distracting smile upon a curly-headed youth standing not far away, who had been her devoted admirer for two whole months.

"Of course grannie objected," she continued, "and had a great deal to say about it; but they had discovered this lovely little spring during one of their morning rambles, and agreed now to meet each other there. But at last Antonio was called away. By and-by, Marietta received a note from an aunt of his, leading her to believe that he lover was dying. She ran off to the spring to read it, and as she read the lines the second time to assure herself of their reality, the day grew dark and all the sweet wild-flowers vanished—Marietta with a cry of pain had reeled and fallen into the fountain.

"Legend tells us she took the form of a beautiful naiad, and one night when her lover returned to the spring in search of her, a shining form rose from the moonlit to its gloomy bosom, and a silvery voice sang to him through the shadow "*A rivederla, A rivederla!*" Antonio died broken-hearted and was buried near the fountain; and every moonlight night a maid comes from the water to drop a silver tear upon his grave."

Tears were shining in her eyes as she concluded, but she blinked them away and with a merry twinkle added:

"To the present time only the maiden who is brave to venture over the lonely path to the spring, early on a moonlight night, meets the man she is destined to marry."

The hush that had fallen upon the interested party, was broken suddenly by Lenobiet exclaiming, with a mischievous smile, "I guess I'll go down to-night."

"No, no! you shall not. I am going to dare one of the girls to go. Let me see"—glancing from one to another of the party of young ladies—"I believe I'll choose Nina. Yes, Nina, I do dare you to go down to-night at moonrise."

Nina shivered even while the sunlight of that gorgeous, southern day was shining upon her—but she smiled gaily and made some vague remark about the naiad and the artist's lonely grave, and turned away toward a fountain, followed by Lenobiet.

The day at last departed, leaving a glow of crimson and gold above the western hills. Nina attired in an elegant gown of pale emerald, looked like a nymph from some forest pool, as she knelt before a mirror, trailing a spray of pink blossoms vine over her shining silk.

"I wonder if he really loves me?" she was thinking. "Or is he merely amusing himself!"

The color burned brightly in her cheeks. She arose and turned to the window. A ruby light trembled over the sea, for the moon was slowly rising from the rippled flood, near where a sail stirred along the sky line.

Drawing a soft lace shawl about her, she went out into the night and soon reached the edge of the little grove, and the narrow path leading through it. Here she left her companion to await her return.

O, what an enchanting walk! Golden ferns fringed it on either side; and fragrant, pale wild flowers gleamed like silver disks from beneath the low-drooping branches, where stray moonbeams crept in to light up the shady aisles.

She entered at last the tall path branching off to the rocks. Here the way was so narrow that little sprays, and vines, clinging around her warm cheek; and several times she paused to free the dainty folds of lace from twigs which caught in them.

Presently she came to a small clearing. Rocks were piled here and there; and over them, great, leafy vines were trailing. Near the centre, fringed round with blossoming mosses, calm and unshadowed, a fountain of crystal water gleamed in the summer moonlight. This became conscious of all things in the admiration of the wonderful beauty of this sylvan retreat. A spicy aroma from the wild plants crept to her with every breath, and several golden petals fluttered down from a cluster of bright blossoms, and drifted into the fountain, floating like tiny crafts on a miniature sea.

The witchery of the moonlight wove its spell about her, and the dark, filmy lace slipped away unheeded from her shoulders as she drew close to the lovely pool—a thousand little moonbeams danced over her pale and shining silk, and caressed her dimpled clinging arms—verily she seemed a naiad about to glide away into the stilly water.

Peering into the very heart of the fountain, thus she stood, unmindful of aught else in all the wide, wide world; till suddenly a ripple seemed to stir and tremble over its gleaming bosom; a shadow drifted near, and the charm was broken.

Nina trembled and turned to pick up the lace which lovingly had clung away by a thorny branch, and as she turned she stood face to face with Lenobiet. He caught up one of her little hands as if fearful of her slight glide away to the world of the water-nymph.

"Signora—Nina—I love you!" he exclaimed—but she broke away crying:

"Oh you shouldn't have come here!" and sped off up the path to where her companion awaited her.

An hour later, Lenobiet stood in the vine window among the blossoms awakening a medley of thrilling minor chords from an old mandolin.

Then he sang—it was a sad song; a farewell to a loved one; and Lenobiet's first tones were tremulous; but he soon stilled emotion, saying to himself, "No more of this! She loves you; you know she does." Then his voice rose sweet and clear, and while he interpreted the closing verses with a pathos that dimmed many an eye, he glanced over at Nina. He saw her soft, dusky eyes fill with tears—saw a bright blush creep into her cheek; and before he had ended she slipped out among the roses.

She touched her warm face to a cluster of cool, white blossoms, and shining tears gathered like pearls to the hearts of the flowers on which they fell.

He wondered if their friendship was ended—if he would ever come to her again.

The moonlight seemed to burn into her cheek, a feeling of loneliness came over her spirit and her voice sounded as in a dream:

"Nina, Nina—poor Nina!" and she pressed her little white fingers to her eyes to keep back the tears. Turning seaward, she saw the great sail, but the sombre shadow had fallen and the sail was shining in the bright glow of the moon.

Just then somebody said in a voice clear and thrilling.

"Nina."

And oh! it came to her like a gleam of sunshine bursting in upon the night.

Love was not all a myth—Lenobiet had not jested at the naiad's spring.

The fountain playing near the flowers seemed to repeat the sweet sound; a world of tenderness and love breathed in that one little word—"Nina."

The night-birds and the balmy wind, the murmur of the waves and the tiny trills of insects, all seemed to echo it far and near.

Lenobiet had come to her out in the moonlight.

"Nina," he repeated, in a voice sweet and tremulous; "Nina, I love you. Will you be my wife?"

Turning, she placed her little hands in his, and he whispered, half bewildered by the glad truth:

"Ah, my love, you do love me!"

And the great, white roses and a wee bird among the olive leaves alone heard the words breathed to ears that burned as his lips touched hers.

At home again by the blue St. Lawrence, Lenobiet never wearied visiting with his fair young wife the many beauties of woodland and stream. The pleasant September days glided dreamily away and bright October came. The vines, that coiled about the white pillars of the villa burned like flame-wreaths in the mellow sunshine, and a family of sparrows flitting to and fro from one column to another, seemed like great fluffy cinders floating from the burning garlands.

During the summer months the elegant halls had been transformed into a modern fairyland. Tapestries, plushes and laces were seen everywhere; but none were so handsome as those in Nina's apartments. On the floor of her boudoir lay an exquisite carpet of pearl-gray velvet, sprinkled with sprays of delicate pink blossoms, entwined with green leaves and emerald. The divans and easy chairs were of some pale-pink fabric, soft as cygnet down, decorated with gold. The brilliant colors of the lace like the carpet in pattern and color; and where they fell apart within the elegant windows, dainty receptacles for hanging bright with a profusion of pink and white blossoms.

A thrilling, liquid trill at times proceeded from the curtained recesses of one of the south windows. A golden-colored bird, tilting for the sunshine on its ivory perch, alone disturbed the quiet of this restful retreat.

Lenobiet and Nina were very happy. One evening, toward the middle of October, when the leaves were lying in golden drifts along the winding paths beneath the old maples, Lenobiet, coming late from town, vaulted the low fence at the south, and followed one of the narrow paths leading up through the grove.

Alas! he suddenly recollected the anguish of his heart when last he wandered there in the gray dawn of that desolate autumn morning so long ago. Slowly he walked on toward the little plot by the stream. This was his first visit here since his return—surely he was strong enough to bear it now. But again he felt his bitter pain; and like a broken-hearted man the promise he had made and broken arose before him.

The evening was dreary, and the wind sighed in the dead foliage still clinging to the gray branches. A chatterling squirrel chanced to cross his path; he heard the rustling of the golden leaves; and suddenly, pale and fragile as she was on that starry night when she died in his arms, his beautiful Mona glided from out the shadows.

She regarded him for a moment with a world of sorrow and gentle reproach in her tender, violet eyes; he rushed forward to touch her, but the moon brightened among the rifted clouds, the lovely vision vanished, and Lenobiet found himself clinging to a rugged branch overhanging a dark pool.

From his pillow all the long watch of the night he saw the clouds and the stars move in unison from one side of the heavens to the blue sky; but he looked in vain for the pale beautiful face among the shadows.

Early in the morning, ere the dewdrops had been sipped away from the faded foliage by the thirsty little sunbeams, Nina went out into the garden. Softly she glided to and fro, picking velvety white violets from the late blossoms out on the lawn. The pale flowers had never seemed so human-like, and she touched her lips to their soft downy petals, thinking the while of the lovely child she once freed from the cruel thorns, for Lenobiet had told her it was then he first saw her.

On her return she gathered from near the fountain a cluster of sweet blue violets for Lenobiet, and went on into the library, where she had left him, looking pale and tired, a little while earlier.

The soft white blossoms were peeping through the twilight gloom and the sweet perfume of the heavy curtains gently aside and went in toward the escritoire.

Suddenly she stood still. Her cheeks and lips turned pale as the white violets in her apron. No cry of anguish broke the awful stillness, but like one touched by some strong electric power, she reeled and fell upon the low divan beside her—never, never to look upon the bright sunshine again.

And the milk-white blossoms? Shall I seal in silence their fate, or continue to the end? A silver mounted revolver, closed in a death-clasp, might best reveal it! Scattering toward the window, some fell shining like snow flakes on the dark velvet of the carpet, and the others were crimsoned by the life blood of him who had gone to find that pale, beautiful face among the shadows!

And yonder by the little silver stream which ripples in among the maples and on down to the blue St. Lawrence, beneath the green mosses, gleaming with white violets and golden-eyed daisies, side by side in the little trellised plot are sleeping through storm and sunshine—Lenobiet Frechette's two beautiful wives!

How to Take a Walk.

Of all the cheap and simple aids to health and happiness, there is nothing that equals the long walk, taken for its own sake, with no special period fixed for reaching a particular destination and no desperate necessity of returning at a certain hour.

The constant measuring of time to which we are all more or less addicted, is really a very great tax on the nerves and memory. We are obliged to count moments so frequently that it behooves us to cease from the operation whenever it is possible to let ourselves rest. Punctuality is a virtue, of course; a point of honor where work is on hand. The two long, black, hateful fingers of the clock, the two irritating little digits of the watch, are always warning us that we must not linger; but now and then—once a week, at least—let the woman who can and may, say, "Time was made for slaves," and go out for a walk.

A hot day, a very cold day or a very muddy day are not favorable to the walker. Rubber shoes makes one's feet like lead and grow unwholesomely damp. Temperate breezes and a softened sky are desirable. The walker's clothes should not be heavy. Fashion, fortunately, has lightened woman's skirts of late. The boots should be comfortable, with very moderate heels; and let the pace be the one you enjoy. To force yourself to walk slowly or rapidly is foolish. You will naturally be guided by your own possibilities in the matter. For this reason a walk for health is often more beneficial when taken alone. A companion who flies along, or one who lags, may be equally irritating, and irritation will undo all the good effects of a walk such as the one of which I am speaking.

Above all, never take with you a person who continually reminds you that "you ought to be home before such a time, because," etc., etc. Do not go out to think, to solve a problem, to make a decision; keep that sort of work for indoors. People think better on their backs, or doubled up at a table with their chins in their palms. Forget yourself—your new dress that does not fit; your old house that wants paint, paper and carpets; little Peter, who will not study; the cross word that was uttered at breakfast time; the enemy who backbites you; the friend who has cooled; the delinquent debtor; the anxious creditor; your next birthday. Empty your heart of memories of the past and fears of the future—that is, if you can—and resolve to live for two or three hours in the present moment.

If you live in the country, there are many things to charm you in the lanes and woods and meadows, by the river, in the gardens of the homes you pass. If you are in the city, choose the cleanest and handsomest street, and do not disdain to pause before shop windows. Note, if you will, something you wish to buy another day, but do not mar your walk by doing ever so little shopping.

It will sound more practical to say that you "went out to buy some pillow-casing;" but the sooner you impress on all who know you, that upon your list of duties you have placed that of now and then taking a walk for the walk's sake, the better for yourself. Besides, in doing this you set a good example and preach a little sermon that all women should hear.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

IRENE, Douglas.—Do you mean a friend or an acquaintance? The words are often used carelessly. 1. In a real friendship, circumstances might easily allow the request to be made without impropriety, but the initiatory move as to companies of gentlemen is usually made by the gentlemen. 2. Not in the country or on a country road, in the city decidedly so. 3. You have artistic taste, a calm, perceptive, painstaking nature, and a love of the beautiful. You are reticent, self-possessed and capable of forming lasting friendships.

JASAMINE, Toronto.—The hair is light brown. Different pens and different positions of the hand off set the writing. Practice morning and set the forearm in writing—muscle movement. Do not try to imitate others, be yourself in all things; learn to adopt ideas, but never slavishly copy them. Pimples are caused by impure blood. Diet, regular bathing and exercise will prevent them, but if they appear then you are particularly anxious your face should look well, a little spirits of turpentine will scatter but not cure them.

BEE A., Stratford.—Kansas City.

BIRDIE NELLIE, Woodstock.—You are impulsive, warm-hearted, generous. You have a foundation for pra tical ideas, and show decided cleverness and cunning in carrying out your plans.

MAUDE V., Ingersoll.—Same as above.

ANNA B., Woodstock.—Your writing shows a genial disposition, a thoughtful nature and a love of fun. You are self-reliant and reserved.

R R., Woodstock.—Essentially the same as above.

F. H. E. D., Detroit.—You are a careful thinker, pru tent, esteeming worth rather than mere show. Agreeable, I should think; not easily roused, but possessing a will and temper re-enforced. Impulsive, warm-hearted, ambitious, self-reliant, self-esteeming—a pleasant companion, rather fickle.

W. N., Toronto.—The rate of exchange varies. Some will take American currency at full value, others refuse it a tolerable, while its acceptance at any discount is not compulsory.

LUCIA L.—Address simply Secretary of Public School Trustee Board and Lady Principal of the sisters you mention. It would be impossible to tell by your writing; it is that of an educated person, certainly, and there are numerous ways in which a woman can support herself now.

He Hedged.

"Isn't it glorious weather?" he said to the man on his left on the street car platform.

"I will look into the matter and see," was the quiet reply.

"Say, your liver is out of order," continued the other. "Take some blue mass at once."

"That was a rather queer conversation," observed a passenger who had overheard it, after the liver-ailing man had got off.

"Oh, I had to hedge," replied the other. "After I had spoken of the weather I recognized him as a lawyer. He was going to write an opinion and send me a bill. I'm a doctor and so I gave him medical advice as an offset."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Fast Traveling.

Horse Dealer—I warrant this horse sound and kind.

Possible Buyer—How about speed?

"Speed? Well, I'll tell you. Old man Grimes died the other day—died rich, you know—and it was understood that his will was to be read at the house after the funeral was over. Well, sir, I was out on the road with this horse that day and I had to go, if I didn't beat the Grimes family back from the cemetery."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

The Kicker Gets Square.

We have ascertained that it was Col. Kehoe who started the story that we had lynched the editor of the Red Star Saloon lynched by a mob last week in order to avoid paying him a liquor bill of $13. We encountered the colonel in Davis' livery barn yesterday, grabbed him by the throat and backed him against the heels of a stage mule and between us and the mule the colonel received a drubbing which will last him a lifetime. He acknowledged that he was a liar, slanderer and thief and that his course towards us was actuated by personal spite. At that very moment he had on our second-best undershirt, our Sunday necktie, and the pantaloons that we never wear except on holidays, and was in debt to us for many other favors.

As to the lynching, we suggested it because Tim O'Neil, the victim, had fallen into the habit of killing a man about seven times a week, and there was every reason to believe that the coroner was standing in with him on the fees. We should have suggested stretching the coroner's neck a little at the same time, but as he brought us in a club of thirteen subscribers we didn't think it would look exactly right.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Thirst for Knowledge.

Tramp (with an old school book)—Say, mister, will yer kindly tell me what letter this is?

Pedestrian—Certainly. That's L. Can't you read?

Tramp—No, sir; but I'm tryin' ter learn, an' I sha'n't rest till I do, nuther.

Pedestrian—I am delighted to find so laudable an ambition in one of your class. You have taken the right course at last.

Tramp—Yes, sir. It's mighty rough on a traveler like me to be unable to tell whether a sign says Beware of the Dog, or Free Lunch Opening.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

A Reminder.

Winks—Hello! Been away!

Blinks—Only for a day. I ran down to the shore to see how my cottage was faring in the storm. Did you ever see the sea in a storm?

Winks—By George! That reminds me. I must hurry into that store before it shuts up. I had nearly forgotten an errand which I promised to do for my wife.

The Retort Commercial.

Mrs. Grubb—Have ye any more sugar like the last ye sent me?

Grocer (briskly)—Yes, madam, plenty of it. How much do you want?

Mrs. Grubb—Don't want none.

A Cheerful Outlook.

Future Brother-in-law—Tommy, what will you do for fire-crackers and candy when I marry your sister, and we go away to our home?

Tommy—That's all right. Ma says that I and my sister are to live with you and come out of the year, to see if we can't use up some of that two per cent. a month interest money you are pulling in every day. My ma is up to date, and you'll find Molly is no two-for-a-cent girl either, if she does wear specs.—*New York Weekly.*

Characteristic.

The ocean steamer was speeding along when a gigantic iceberg hove in sight. The passengers crowded the bulwarks to see and admire it.

"What do you think of that?" said the Englishman to the American.

"Wal, hit was the reply, "I should say there were no flies on it."—*Boston Courier.*

The Church And Society.

Now churches are a very important part of social machinery. It is well known that there is nothing in this country which will bring one into social life so quickly and so respectably as a close attendance upon church services and connection with church work. No matter how apparent may be the object, the eyes of society seem to close to the fact of such transparent hypocrisy. Indeed, a shrewd minister could readily tell the parvenus from the old families, just from the one fact of eagerness in church matters. It is a sad thing, but old families do not seem to be very earnest in hard work. They lend the countenance of their approval oftimes, and accept the parvenu because of the labor taken off their shoulders. Of course there are many in a church who work from a conscientious motive. These are very quiet and unostentatious in their manner of working. Only the clergyman knows of their efforts. But those who rarely fail to attend church services—it is a shame to say it, but it seems true—have frequently some ulterior object not connected with Christianity. In fact, Christianity with most people is only a makeshift, a sort of staving off the rigors of another world by a half devotion in this. How contemptible this religion is, only a keen-sighted clergyman can know!

But St. Mammon's was a church whose one great object was to get on well in the world. Not that there were no true people there, who would have done the Lord's service willingly if they had had a guide; but the great majority thought about nothing but appearing well in the world. To appear well to most people means to belong to a church. If one does not belong, no matter how highly cultivated, no matter how honest, no matter how noble, he is not what he ought to be in the eyes of his pious brethren, who attend church Sunday morning with great regularity, but who forget as soon as they leave the sacred edifice that they have Christian duties, However, the people of St. Mammon's deemed themselves very good indeed. They gave a great deal of money to charitable objects.

But St. Mammon's Church had a wide field of action. It dominated society at Dene. Nearly all the fashionable people belonged to it. The other leading churches were, it is true, older, but being higher in doctrine it was harder to be sufficiently pious in them without being at the same time greatly inconvenienced.—EDWARD S. DE G. TOMPKINS, in *An Honest Hypocrite.*

How to Arrange a Raid.

Municipal dignitary (to police officials)—Order the force to have everything in readiness for a descent on the gambling houses to-night.

Police Official (to subordinate officer)—Tell the men to get ready for a raid on the gambling places to-night.

Subordinate Officer (to squad of police)—Boys, be around here about eleven o'clock. We are ordered to make a haul of the gambling houses.

Policeman (to gambler)—J-rry, we're goin' to raid ye about midnight. Tell the byes.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
(THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.)
Cure BILIOUS and Nervous ILLS.
25cts. a Box.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

Slow Progress.

Mr. Hallback—It's no use, wife. Here I've paid out two hundred dollars for Maria's music-lessons, an' now if she can't play better than that it's ti ne she stopped!—*Judge.*

That Dark Young Man.

A sultry July Saturday was approaching a close. The routine of baking, preserving, scouring, sweeping and dusting had been very wearisome, and it was with a sigh of relief that I at last flung myself into a low rocker on the veranda and gave myself up to a restful contemplation of the foothills which printed their rugged outlines against the sky half a mile away, and looked like some beleaguered acre in this midsummer month with manifold Spanish daggers standing up in spectral array, tall, white, and motionless on their summits.

Ere scorching suns had come to blast the wild flowers and beautiful foliage of the trees, these hills had been my one diversion from monotonous farmyard existence; but now only a sad wreck remained of these—nothing to inspire the daily walk which I had been wont to enjoy. So day after day I had to content myself with musing upon the past spring-time pleasures and thoughts of their return after a season.

I was city born and bred, and orphaned. Thus briefly I explain, without unnecessary detail, my life ere coming to live with my good aunt and uncle. They were childless, and freely offered me a home on their farm, ten miles from Rosemond. At sixteen, just previous to mother's death, I had taken my diploma from the grammar school, and, though I was not really ambitious, I could not help experiencing a sense of disappointment when Uncle Richard—Dick, they called him—informed me that he could not afford me a real lady education, but that he'd be bound Aunt Hetty'd turn me out a right stunnin' farmer girl, if I was apt.

"I was apt, but, truth to tell, far from happy after the novelty of my new life wore away, and I began to realize the unutterable loneliness of it, with only Uncle Dick and Aunt Hetty for my daily companions. They were both kind to me, to be sure; too kind, I often thought, with burning tears of shame at my own ingratitude. Had it not been for their generosity Heaven only knows where my lot would have been cast—how hard my pillow and bitter the daily crust, for I was alone in the world, save for them. But I was just nineteen and craved the companionship of girls of my own age.

Poor Aunt Hetty could not sympathize with me. Whenever she chanced to have a few moments of leisure she brought her knitting to the veranda, where I usually spent the long afternoon, and talked of chickens and herb gardening until I wanted to run far away and out of hearing; but she never doubted that I was content with listening to her discussion of farm topics, and when I sometimes bent my head low over my work to hide involuntary tears, she was quite unconscious of my distress.

But to return to that Saturday evening when I sat watching the array of ghost-like forms on the hills. As they grew more weird in the lengthening evening shadows, an involuntary sense of melancholy stole over me. Was my life to go on forever in this humdrum way? Oh, the monotony of it!

"Madge! O Madgie!" came a shrill voice from the kitchen.

"Coming, Aunt Hetty," I answered, and rising languidly, entered the house, proceeded to the kitchen, where I found Aunt Hetty with hands submerged in flaky dough.

"Madge," said she, "I'm making this strawberry shortcake for tea, and couldn't well take my hands out of the dough to get the young gentleman a drink; so, child, you just run to the well and get him a tumbler, and let him help himself at the pump."

As she mentioned the young man I directed my glance to the outer door, and lo! sure enough, there he stood! His lustrous dark eyes wore a half amused expression as they met my own confused and bewildered ones for a brief instant. Then he spoke:

"I dislike to trouble you. A tin cup—anything will do to drink from."

I thought him very handsome as he stood there, tall and erect against the dark background, his head bared, and his white hand grasping the door frame above. Though his eyes seemed to smile at me, there was a serious look about the lips which revealed themselves under a thick, dark-brown mustache as he spoke.

After that one swift glance I turned to bring the goblet, feeling the hot blood burning my cheeks, and for some indefinite reason my hand fluttered from one to another of the crystal cups until it rested upon the daintiest there. I took him this, directing him to the pump. He drank and returned the glass with a bow which carried with it the conviction that he was city bred, then wished me a gracious good evening and departed.

As I turned back to the kitchen I was surprised to see Aunt Hetty standing at the window, with dough covered hands, watching the stranger's retreating form.

"He's handsome, sure now, ain't he, Madge?" she exclaimed, admiringly.

"Yes ma'am," I assented, incoherently.

"He's stopping with the Chesters, he tells me. Just came down last night from San Francisco for a month's vacation."

The Chesters lived four miles from us, affluent people who were widely known for their hospitality. Every summer their house was full of city guests, and I don't know why I should have sat at my window so late that July night, wondering as I looked out on the placid landscape, on which the white moonlight fell, if this dark young man were a particular friend of Alice Chester's, and if her blonde beauty caused his visit to the farm.

I asked myself the question, and the next moment reproached myself for being so engrossed with the affairs of people so entirely out of my world. What was that handsome, dark-eyed stranger to me? What was Alice Chester? Absolutely nothing. But I could not help wondering if he were at that very moment walking with her in the tender moonlight—perhaps looking into her lovely blue eyes and holding her hand in his own. I could not hinder such thoughts any more than I could check the strange feeling they awakened in my heart.

If I wept a few bitter tears after I sought my pillow, in utter weariness of the narrow sphere to which I was confined, pray do not blame, but find it in your heart to condole with me.

At breakfast next morning Aunt Hetty remarked my unwonted pallor, and watched solicitously my feeble attempts at eating.

"What with the preserving and extra scrubbing, Saturday's work was too much for you, my dear," she said.

"Whatever can be keeping the cows so late? They ought to have been at the big gate an hour ago," cried Aunt Hetty, nearly two weeks later, as I sat in the veranda after having set the table for tea.

She came to the door and looked rather anxiously towards the hills where the cows were won't to graze, but seeing no sign of them she returned to the kitchen. In ten minutes she reappeared in the doorway, saying,—

"You watch the kettle, Madge, and see that it don't boil over. I'm going to look for Dell and Bess."

"Oh, aunt," I remonstrated, "I have done nothing this livelong day. Let me go and find the truants."

She willingly assented.

"I think you will find them in the canon behind Jeny Hill," she said.

Away I tripped across the arid waste, little minding the nettle fox-tails which at every step multiplied upon the edge of my gown and the cloth tops of my gaiters, and enjoying the sweet, midsummer odors which the breeze brought from the harvest fields, and the notes of the wood dove calling his belated mate to shelter.

Once the sharp report of a rifle startled me abruptly, and made me pause in a snatch of happy song; then the silence seemed deeper than before, and I sped onward to where the rugged brows of the hills were already tinged with ashes of roses under the departing sun's rays.

The cows were not to be seen about the canon, but as I listened attentively I could hear the tinkling of their bells from behind a low knoll about a hundred yards distant.

I picked my way through the dry sage brush, the thick tangled masses were suggestive of reptiles, and soon stood at the foot of the knoll, amid a clump of scrub oaks as tall as my head, listening again for the cow bells.

Suddenly a second sharp report from a rifle broke the evening quiet; it was followed by another and yet another in such rapid succession that I was dazed with terror at my situation, for I realized that the shots were falling within a few yards of where I stood. I gave one piercing scream, and ere the echo of my own terrified voice had died away, felt myself falling downward, surely, swiftly, as into some dark, bottomless abyss.

When I opened my eyes again, I encountered the handsome face of the young man who had appeared at our kitchen door nearly a fortnight previous. He was bending over me, but there was no perceptible smile in the dark eyes now as they met my own through the dusky light. Only a dumb expression of horror was there, which I interpreted at once.

"I swear it was the purest accident, child," he panted, his lips set and bloodless.

I essayed to speak but could not, and he went on precipitately, and without pausing to take breath between his sentences:

"I thought you would never open your eyes. I thought I had killed you. I had a flask of brandy, and poured some between your lips. Oh, I was nearly mad with anxiety! Can you move? Where is the wound? Is there much pain?"

I tried to raise myself, but fell back with a sharp cry.

"It is not as you think," I faltered. "I am not wounded. I swooned, and in falling must have struck my shoulder against something. I—I don't think it is serious, though."

I heard him murmur a low "Thank God!" and did not rebuke him as he took up one of my hands and kissed it.

My head was resting on his knee, and my hair had become unbound, and flowed over him in waves of changeful gold and bronze; but he was only alive to my sufferings.

The shadows were lengthening and night was hurrying on apace.

"There is no one in sight upon whom I can call to assist me in getting you home," he said in dismay. "Do you mind staying here alone while I go——"

"No, no!" I interrupted. "Only lift me to my feet, please, and I will walk."

"My poor child, you could never walk that distance," he said.

But he raised me to my feet very tenderly, and with a great effort I took one step, another and another, then sank back faint and dizzy. He lifted and bore me on; but with each step the racking pain in my shoulder increased, until it seemed as though I must shriek aloud. But I bore it mutely until merciful unconsciousness came at last to my relief.

"When I again revived, it was to find our good old family doctor beside me.

"Miss Madge," he said, "your shoulder is all right again, but a slight fracture of the collar bone will necessitate your keeping quiet for a few days. Confound that fellow!" he added, impatiently.

"Oh, please don't censure him!" I cried. "He is not to blame—indeed he is not to blame in the least."

At that moment Aunt Hetty entered the room, bearing a card which she handed to me.

"The young gentleman has promised to call every day to enquire about you," she whispered, as she bent to kiss me.

Then she retired to receive some directions from the doctor, leaving me to read the card, which bore the name of "Chauncy Benayres, San Francisco." I traced the characters again and again, then, as I heard aunt's returning footsteps, thrust the card beneath my pillow.

But why prolong my story by entering into details which the capacious reader can readily imaine for himself? The turn in my life's lane had come; and ere I was fully convalescent it was settled that I should leave the farm as Chauncy's wife.

All this happened a year ago; and only the other day Chauncy and I returned from the Paris Exposition, where we have been on our wedding tour. We are going to Aunt Hetty's for a fortnight before settling down in our home, upon which occasion I shall really enjoy counting all her chickens, and revel in a dish of marigold soup, which only she can make to perfection. You see these things are now no longer part of my routine, and I can afford to praise them. For my days of farm life are over forever.

The Man Who Makes Us Laugh.

Did it ever strike you that, as a general rule, comedians (in the local, not Gallic acceptation of the word) are the most sad-visaged and grave-mannered of all their histrionic brethren?

It is so, and it is this very fact, perhaps, that has planted in each and every comedian's heart and mind the firm belief that he was destined to adorn the stage as a tragedian, and that the mantle of Kean, Garrick or Forrest has fallen with a "sickening thud" upon his especial shoulders. While such is undoubtedly their private conviction, I have never yet known any of their shoulders to have suffered an irreparable injury from the weight of the before mentioned mantle, or the "thud" caused by the garment in its rapid descent.

Florence and the elder Sothern once played a scene from Othello, and meant it, too. Goodwin has often essayed Richard III, in the last act of that tragedy, and it was not so long ago that Boucicault, the world's accented Irish comedian, enacted Louis XI. at Booth's Theatre, supported by a cast so Milesian in its character that the mimic court of the Old French Hypocrite, for that occasion only, echoed with a brogue so thick you could not only cut it with a knife, but could literally have hacked it with an axe.

The comedian should leave well enough alone; he should be a funny man on the stage, and, if possible, off it, for time his bon mots and clever stories are retailed in the daily journals, and his reputation grows apace until it becomes almost as stupendous as his salary.

I once knew an actor whom Nature had designed for a comedian, although he was "fretting his hour upon the stage," and fretting his audience as well, in tragic roles. He had mistaken his line of business, and no argument could convince him of the fact. His restoration to his proper sphere, and to the public's favor, was accomplished entirely through his own irresis ible humor.

He had been unemployed for a long period, and his spirits were as low as his funds. In sheer desperation he telegraphed (collect) to Mr. B., a manager in one of our far Western towns, asking for an engagement, also stating, as a side issue, that his salary was small. After some hours of suspense, and dreary waiting, the answer arrived; with trembling fingers he tore the mes-sage open and read these words:

"Wouldn't have you on any terms."

Mr. B. evidently knew him.

But a few stray dollars remained in his pockets, and starvation was staring him in the face. He resolved upon a bold stroke, and bled him to the telegraph office when a second message (also collect) was sent to the Western manager. It read as follows:

"Terms accepted. I leave on next train."

And he did. He had but a few pennies left after purchasing his ticket, but it was "make or break" with him, and being very nearly "broke" as it was, he thought he would chance the "make" part of the old saying.

From Pittsburg, where he arrived the next morning, he wired the following (collect) to the manager:

"Don't get nervous; making all the time I can. Be with you in forty-eight (48) hours."

At Columbus the telegraph was again called into requisition, the wires flashing the following (collect) to the Western city:

"Collision ahead; lay over here six (6) hours; hope the delay will not inconvenience you."

Judge of the consternation and indignation of Manager B., when a fresh telegram arrived every hour, all collect, all detailing the progress made by our impecunious friend. The messages increased in number and in price, and the undesirable Thespian was getting nearer and nearer.

Morning brought with it our traveler, who made his way at once to the box office, faced Mr. B. and said in a sepulchral voice: "Well! here I am!"

The unmitigated brass of the individual, coupled with the ludicrousness of the situation, so impressed Mr. B. that he laughed outright, and offered the newcomer a chance to play Toodles that night in place of the regular comedian who was ill.

"Toodles! A tragedian play Toodles!"

"Why not?" said B. "if it's half as funny as your Hamlet, you'll make a hit."

And he did; he made a roaring success, and was engaged for the balance of the season as stock comedian, thus emerging from the clouds of tragedy into the refreshing sunshine of comedy.

He had been deceiving himself all his life, and had so securely muffled himself up in the Kemble, Garrick, Forrest mantle, that he had never seen beyond his nose. In fact I don't believe he had ever seen as far as that organ, for if he had ever secured an unadulterated view of it, he would have seen that Nature had marked him for a comedian. The nose was undoubtedly comic in its contour, and on the top of it was a wart of reddish tint thoroughly out of place in tragic lines, and specially adapted for the glittering spangle, and dab of carmine hue so often affected on the stage by the man who makes us laugh.—*Once a Week.*

A Rope Made of Pigtails.

Pigtails have still a role to play in the progressive dominions of the Mikado. A new Shinto Temple has just been erected at Tokio, the materials for which were dragged to the sacred site by ropes made of human hair instead of the conventional hemp. The hair was a freewill offering from no fewer than 350,000 of the faithful. Twenty-four ropes were made of it, their diameter ranging from four to seven inches, and their total length reaching 4,528 feet. It is calculated that nearly 9,000 lb. weight of pigtails was used.

FLORENCE SILK MITTENS

The ENGRAVING shows latest style Mittens made from

FLORENCE Knitting Silk

Lined throughout, wrist and back, with silk. They make a most durable and fashionable article for lady wear.

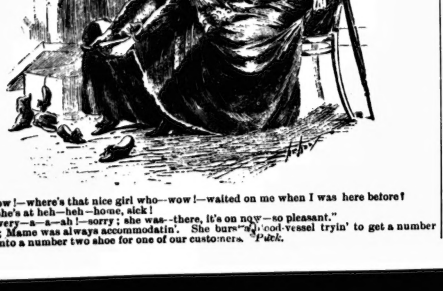
Sent to any address on receipt of $2. Colors—Black, navy blue and brown. Three other patterns, $1.75, $1.65, and $1.50 each.

FLORENCE HOME NEEDLE WORK 1889

Contains 96 pages, instructing you in Netting, Knitting, Tatting and Embroidery, each subject fully illustrated, sent by mail for 6 cents in stamps.

CORTICELLI SILK CO.
ST. JOHN'S, P. Q.

Enough Said.



"Oh, ow!—where's that nice girl who—wow!—waited on me when I was here before?"
"M—she's at heh—heh—home, sick!"
"I'm very—a—a—ah—sorry; she was—there, it's on now—so pleasant."
"Yes; Mame was always accommodatin'. She burs—a—good-vessel tryin' to get a number four foot into a number two shoe for one of our customers. *Puck.*

KENNEDY'S EXHIBITION SALE
OF
BOOTS AND SHOES

Continues to be the center of attraction. Visitors to the city should avail themselves of the opportunity to call and secure some of the many genuine bargains.

TAN COLOR GOODS

Gentlemen's Tan Color Lace Boots, regular price $4, exhibition sale price $3. Gentlemen's Tan Color Lace Boots, regular price $2.50, exhibition sale price $2. Ladies' Tan Color Low Lace Shoes, regular price $2, exhibition sale price $1.50. Ladies' Tan Color Low Lace Shoes, regular price $1.25, exhibition sale price $1. Misses' Tan Color Low Lace Shoes, regular price $1, exhibition sale price, 80c. Boys', Misses' and Children's Wigwams 50c. Bargains in all classes of footwear.

THOMAS KENNEDY & CO.
186 Yonge Street 186 Four doors north of Queen Street, west side

H. E. Clarke & Co.
105 King St. West
HAVE RECEIVED FRESH CONSIGNMENTS OF
Toilet
Brief
and
Dressing
BAGS, &c.

Housecleaning Time.

LADIES!
LOOK HERE!
What do you want better than PHENIX LESSIVE to assist you in this laborious work?
For any cleaning purpose it has no equal. Buy only the imported article, with address of manufacturer on every package.
I. PICOT
PARIS, FRANCE.

CARPET STRETCHER.
Never injures the carpet or pulls a thread out of place. Simple to use; will never break. Lay your own carpets without trouble. For sale by hardware dealers or sent to any address on receipt of $2. GILMOUR & CO., Montreal.

TRUSS
CHAS. CLUTHE'S PERFECTED SPIRAL TRUSS
(Patented in U. S. and Canada)
Children cured by $2 and Adults (at least 8 per ct.) in 6 months, without any discomfort to wearer. The most perfect system to secure satisfaction by mail. Every Truss specially made for each case. Orders received by 3 P.M. *mailed same day* (prepaid and registered), whether 3 or 3,000 miles distant. Pad only one ounce. Perfect VENTILATION. Challenge the world for improvements. Warranted for Five years. Highest Awards at Centennial and wherever exhibited. 6,000 sold. Send 6c. Stamp for Book on Rupture and Hernia Frame. Address CHAS. CLUTHE, 115 King St. West, Toronto.

REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER
Its Durability and ease of manipulation are admitted. Recent speed tests have proven it to be the fastest writing machine in the world. If interested, send for full report
GEO. BENGOUGH, 36 King Street East

30,000 Copies Sold in Two Weeks
EDGAR SALTUS' GREAT BOOK
The Pace That Kills
PRICE 50 CENTS
For Sale by All Booksellers
THE NATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPY
TORONTO

FINE ENGLISH WORSTED PANTS
Made to order and got up in first-class style
FOR $5.00
Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed
AT
B. SPAIN'S
TEMPLE OF FASHION
569 Queen Street West---New No.
J. W. Cheeseworth
THE LEADING TAILOR & DRAPER
106 King St. West
Has the finest and largest assortment of Scotch Tweeds, Cheviot Suitings, Fine Black and Fancy Worsteds, Beaver, Melton, Naps and Frieze Overcoating in the Dominion.
Everybody should see my special lines of Trowserings, which are all the rage.
Liberal inducements to cash customers.

THE
CHAS. ROGERS & SONS CO.
LIMITED
LATE OF R. HAY & CO.
95 and 97 Yonge Street
NEW DESIGNS
IN
FINE FURNITURE
Buy of the Manufacturer and Save Money

J. YOUNG
THE LEADING UNDERTAKER
347 Yonge Street, Toronto.
TELEPHONE 679.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	50

No subscription taken for less than three months.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. II] TORONTO, OCT. 12, 1889. [No. 46

A Quiet Evening.

From the grind of business, from the allurements of the theater, from the associations of the church,—these forces which with bands stronger than brass bind us to the tread-mill of life,—let us escape in desperation, if need be, and seek for the beauty and strength which come from a quiet evening. Draw closer then, reader, the curtains of that inner sanctuary of thy home whence the noises of the unquiet world do most retreat, where the environment favors the soul's carnival of communion with itself. Shut that window close for the chill October air needs the tempering of that ruddy fire in the grate. Draw up that old haircloth sofa to the blaze. True, from having borne generations of your ancestors in their lazier hours on its broad fat back it has got somewhat threadbare and, like an over-ridden steed, its ribs may show here and there, but it is none the less comfortable for that. Associations in an hour like this will bring the repose that upholstery cannot. Stretch yourself, then, and in the fragrant pipe adds calmness to your nerves smoke it; for myself I love it not.

Banished now the thoughts of the weary day. Its disappointments, its duties, its trials, the crutches on which we have hobbled along its pathway drop out of recollection and the memory of its pleasures and triumphs, the sunshine and the kindness—soft garments for our naked souls they were—wrap round us closer in this retreat into the ideal. Forgotten now the sharp turn you experienced when Smith met you on the corner. You owe Smith a trifle, you know, but are a little short just now and will make it all right verily next week. That little disappointment which the postman brought, or failed to bring, is also sweetened in the recollection of that brief walk for a block or so with that sweet soul whose glances excel the sunshine in gladdening power. Your tired limbs have recovered from that severe walk homeward up the great slope on which rests this Queen City of the West. Perhaps your landlady, if you are a boarder, did look a trifle cross and the supper was cold because you were late. But never mind; the fire is bright, the curtains are drawn, the world is asleep, and in this sweet quiet the dearest thought of your heart—that of the girl you have won—rises up like a timid bird from its nest and says, "Dearest, we are alone; let's commune."

Each moment you are imbibing warmth, solitude and content. Presently the flames burn up more cheerily and under the exhilarating influences of the hour and realizing you are alone with your fancy, the pleasing phantoms of a quickening imagination chase one another over the field of your vision. 'Tis now that a way through this troublous world, with its grind and hardships, seems to open up like a veritable Jacob's ladder to heaven and you see yourself, now on the lowest round, mounting step after step to heights too dizzy for your soul to contemplate in complacency. You are becoming intoxicated with the possibilities of life—a life with hours so quiet, thoughts so sweet and chances so great as this. What a deep drawn sign was that! Surely the cup of your content is filling fast. The flickering blaze dances and sparkles and glows, and o'er the walls the shadows come and go through intervening flashes, like lights darted for a moment through the portals of the future through which you catch glimpses of Fortune's storehouse. But this spell cannot last.

The cold, rude touches of consciousness in this rough world are gradually lessening their hold and a dreamy repose steals over you. You wonder why it is that the shrill stridulous song of the cricket—coaxed out by the warmth of the hearth—never seemed so restful before. His notes are of equal length but he is singing a delicious song for you, the refrain of which is rest. Oh to lie like this for ever and rest, rest! This must be heaven. Yes, you are resting; it is a quiet evening, I said. You turn on your elbow and draw another of those exhaustive sighs. Presently the log burns a dull red in the curtain of the dark; the chirps are less and less frequent; the doors of dreamland are flung open wide by those guardian spirits which wait o'er your unconscious hours; you have fallen asleep. PIX.

He who is truly in peace never suspects others. But he who is ill at ease and discontented, is disturbed by various suspicions.

As for being much known by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honor that lies in that. Whatsoever it be, every mountebank has it more than the best doctor.

Our admiration of a famous man lessens upon nearer acquaintance with him; and we seldom hear of a celebrated person without a catalogue of some notorious weaknesses and infirmities.

A large majority of the unfulfilled duties of the world is caused by the practice of delay. Good intentions are abundant—the ability and the will to carry them out are not wanting; but the habit of prompt action has never been acquired. Persons with this deficiency are wrecked in an emergency.

There is an oblique way of reproof which takes off the sharpness of it, and an address in flattery which makes it agreeable though never so gross; but of all flatterers the most skilful is he who can do what you like without saying anything which argues he does it for your sake.

MUSIC

On Thursday evening of last week Mr. W. O. Forsyth delivered an interesting lecture at the College of Music, on the music of the ancient Greeks and Romans, illustrating his remarks by examples of their scales and melodies, evincing thorough knowledge of his subject. The evening was pleasantly diversified by a departure from the usual routine of a concert or recital. This was the performance of vocal and instrumental works by one composer, those of the lecturer himself. These embraced a Prelude and Fugue, which was played by Mr. A. S. Vogt on the College organ. Mlle. Adele Strauss sang four songs by Mr. Forsyth. The Merry Lark, Whip-Poor-Will, Trust, The Valley of Silence. Miss Katie Ryan sang Spring Evening. Mr. H. M. Field played Summer Sketches, Idyl, Sunset Even Song, and Mr. Forsyth played Lullaby, Love Song On the River. As might be expected from the high standing of the executants, this little programme was exceedingly well rendered.

•

The Thirteenth Battalion Band was engaged to go to the Triennial Conclave of the Knights Templar at Washington, with the Chicago commandery, its former services in that connection having met with distinguished approval. But there is in the United States a Contract Labor Law which prevents the importation of "laborers" under contract, in order to avoid the cheapening of wages. This law has been made to apply to musicians as well, except where they may be designated as artists. It was called into action to prevent the Thirteenth Band from entering the States on this engagement, but the astute band tore up its contract and entered the enemy's territory triumphantly and played its way to the heart of the Republic. The absurd effect of this law may be estimated by the fact that an effort was made to keep out Herr Nikisch, who was engaged at a salary of $10,000 per annum to conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but so far it has failed. What a good thing it would be if we had a Contract Labor Law in Canada, to keep out some of the alleged opera companies that perennially invade our shores and offend our ears.

•

Apropos of the Thirteenth Band, it will combine with our Queen's Own Band in a concert at the Pavilion on Thursday, October 24, when the bands together will play Schubert's Rosamunde Overture, a selection from Ernani, the Tannhæuser March, and Meyerbeer's Fackeltanz.

•

The band of C Company is rapidly improving under the direction of Bugle-Major Ford, and gave a most enjoyable concert at Shaftesbury Hall on Monday evening.

•

Mme. Carreno, whose popularity in America is of the widest and deepest character, will shortly fight the beasts of Ephesus in Berlin, where she will give recitals of classical and modern music. It will be interesting to see what the Germans will think of what may be termed a peculiarly American talent.

•

A notable event will be the Thanksgiving concert of Elm street Church Choir, at which Mrs. E. Humphrey Allen of Boston will sing. Mrs. Allen is one of the best oratorio and concert sopranos in America and a thorough artist. She will be assisted by Mr. George J. Parker, a tenor who holds a deservedly high position.

•

Mrs. Agnes Thomson has commenced her season with a most successful visit to Galt, where she sang at the reopening of the Central Presbyterian Church on Monday last. Her singing of I Know that My Redeemer Liveth, and Angels Ever Bright and Fair met with a most enthusiastic reception. Mrs. Thomson has been engaged by St. George's Society for its annual concert.

•

Toronto suffers a loss in the marriage of Miss Lizzie Higgins, a young musician of good parts, who finished her artistic education in Leipsic, and who was on Tuesday married to Mr. George E. Macpherson of Hamilton.

•

Mr. Doward's choir held its first Service of Praise on Wednesday evening of last week, which was well attended, a fine selection of sacred music being performed with unusual excellence.

•

Mr. C. J. Miers, a musician who was in former years a useful member of the Holman Opera Company, has come to Toronto to make it his home.

•

Mr. John Bayley, the bandmaster of the Queen's Own Rifles, has returned to town after a brief holiday spent at Elgin, Ill., with his brother-in-law, Prof. Hecker, who formerly lived in Montreal and Winnipeg. Mr. Hecker is leader of the Watch Works band in that enterprising little city, and may truly be said to have a family of little prodigies. I saw the programme of a concert given by Stella, Bertha, Carl and Cecile, aged ten, eight, six and four respectively. Stella played a thoroughly classical selection, headed by the Sonata Pathetique, all from memory, and competent judges say that she is a marvel. The other children are almost equally gifted. Being, as I believe, all Canadian born, I feel a natural pride in these children. METRONOME.

A Particular Wife.

"Yes," said the salesman, "these goods are all wool, fast colors, full width, and of the very best quality."

"And—er were the sheep fed on hay or turnips?" asked the shopper, a timid little man; "and were they all owned by the same man or did they come from different folds?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied the astonished salesman.

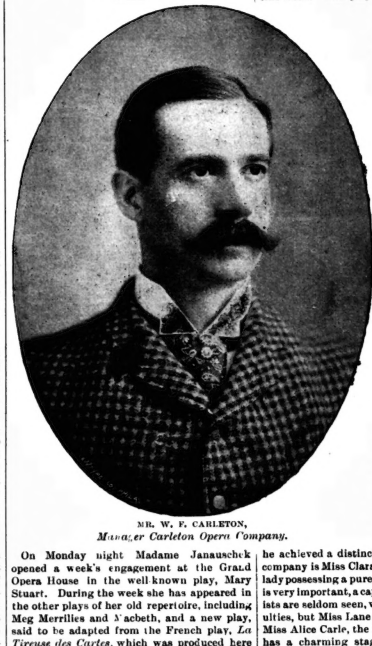
"I am sorry for that," said the timid man, moving away; "of course, I don't care, but my wife will be sure to ask me, and I shouldn't like to take it home unless I could answer all questions. No, I guess I won't take it. Let her come in herself."

Why They Disappear.

"Well," remarked the mosquito to the gnat, as they met on the roof of the Summer hotel piazza, "we may as well go."

"Yes," replied the gnat, "there are no more city boarders here trying to get a vacation rest."

The Drama.



MR. W. F. CARLETON,
Manager Carleton Opera Company.

On Monday night Madame Janauschek opened a week's engagement at the Grand Opera House in the well-known play, Mary Stuart. During the week she has appeared in the other plays of her old repertoire, including Meg Merrilies and Macbeth, and a new play, said to be adapted from the French play, *La Tireuse des Cartes*, which was produced here on Tuesday night for the first time.

There seems to be some difference of opinion as to whether Madame Janauschek can play Mary Stuart or not. Some affect to be enthusiastic over her rendering of that important character; others affect to decry it to the extent of saying that she would do herself and the public a favor by excising it from her repertoire. I venture to take the ground of those who think that Janauschek can not act the part of Mary Stuart. I do not say that she does not thoroughly understand the character and what it requires, nor that her acting in this play is not finished and powerful. No one who noticed the death-like silence with which some parts of the acting were witnessed on Monday night could deny her that. But she cannot look the part of Mary Stuart nor speak the part of Mary Stuart, and no acting, however powerful, can delude the spectator who has read history into the belief for a moment that in Janauschek he is gazing on the form and listening to the voice of the unfortunate Queen of Scots, "the noblest of the Stuart race, the fairest earth has seen." Madame Janauschek gives a powerful and thrilling impersonation of a character which is like Mary Stuart and still is not Mary Stuart.

•

I have read somewhere that the Mary Stuart who was led to the block in Fotheringay Castle was not the beauteous creature of whom poets have sung and romancers have written—that her long confinement and increasing years had made her stout and robbed her form of its grace, that grief had marred the beauty of that famous face and silvered the glory of her hair. This may be historically correct and Madame Janauschek's figure may have approached the truth of Mary's appearance, at that time, but the Mary Stuart that exists in the minds of all men and women is the Mary of happier days and they do not wish to see what may be historical but is not at all romantic. It is one of the sweet delusions that many of us will not have dispelled; and we must before we can imagine that Janauschek is Mary Stuart.

•

In her new play, The Woman in Red, she created a very favorable impression here. It gives her an opportunity of appearing as a sorceress, to which character her strong, mobile features, dark, piercing eyes and resonant voice lend themselves so forcibly, as her Meg Merrilies has made so well known. The story is that of a Jewess whose child has been stolen when an infant. For sixteen years she searches for her, in the course of which she assumes the character of a sorceress. The child is at length discovered, but is found to be devotedly attached to her supposed mother. The Jewess, however, proves her claim and takes her daughter away, but is troubled because she cannot forget her adopted mother and give her love wholly to the real mother whose whole affection is lavished on her. When she finds at length that neither love nor wealth can wean her child from her early associations she gives up hope and is only assured that she has her child's undivided affection when at the point of death.

•

The plot is simple, the story moves directly to its conclusion without any padding or the introduction of side issues. The interest centers wholly on the mother and daughter and so much so that were the parts taken by a less powerful artiste than Janauschek and a less clever young lady than Miss Ida Burrows it would be impossible to keep it up. As it was the very mild witticisms of the vagabond Hector Fiaramonte represented by Geo. D. Chaplin were hailed as oases in a desert of tragedy.

•

The principal people in Janauschek's company are the same as last year with the exception of her leading lady, Miss Eugenie De Forrest. This lady is an actress of much power, though her voice is slightly against her, being unequal to those passages which require the orotund quality of voice.

Bartley Campbell's play, My Partner, has been presented at the Toronto Opera House all this week. This play, it will be remembered, is a tale of mining life in western America. It contains many effective dramatic situations, but it has now got to be more than a thrice told tale and is being relegated to the cheap routes. The company presenting it here this week does not possess any startling excellencies, although several of its members do fairly good work. Messrs J. F. Pike and H. H. Clarke are the leading men.

On Monday next Mr. W. T. Carleton, the celebrated baritone, and his operatic forces will appear at the Grand Opera House and present to the Toronto public two operas, which had phenomenal runs at the New York Casino. The first opera to be given will be Offenbach's sparkling work The Brigands, which production is said by New York papers to excel anything performed in the opera field for many years. The cast includes Mr. W. T. Carleton as the Brigand chief, a role he has assumed in London with the Gaiety Opera Company and in which he achieved a distinct hit. The soprano of the company is Miss Clara Lane, a handsome young lady possessing a pure and sweet voice and what is very important, a capital actress. Operatic artists are seldom seen, who have both of those faculties, but Miss Lane seems to be an exception. Miss Alice Carle, the contralto of the company, has a charming stage presence, and will be remembered as appearing here in the Yeoman of the Guard Company. The comedy talent is well represented by Mr. Chas. A. Bigelow, a very funny comedian; Mr. J. K. Murray, the baritone, is the lucky possessor of a strong and beautiful voice. The company is well balanced and is considered the best opera company on the road. There will be a large chorus and an elaborate display of feminine loveliness and beautiful costumes. Entirely new scenery is carried, and the stage-settings are said to be gorgeous. The first act of The Brigands occurs at a mountain pass in Italy; the second, at a wayside inn; and the third, in the salon of a prince's castle. The story concerns the doings of a brigand chief, his daughter, a young country boy (impersonated by Miss Clara Lane) in love with the daughter, a princess who is waylaid by the brigands and other interesting personages. There will be dances and a topical song. The Brigands will be given from Monday to Thursday evening, inclusive, also at the Saturday matinee. Thursday and Friday evenings and Wednesday matinee, Genee & Zell's charming opera, Nanon, will be presented, in which all the singers appear. Both operas have enjoyed the popular favor in New York City and other capitals of the States, and have had consecutive runs of two hundred nights at the New York Casino. There will be no advance in prices, which happens seldom to the Toronto public when an operatic engagement is announced.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

It is conjectured that a piece called My First Cigar must be a light comedy. At all events, it is more than probable that the first performance will not be long drawn out.

Mlle. Rhea, who came from France, announces on her bills "Everything American, American author and American actors," but her play, Josephine, Empress of French, is not announced as American.

A circus band wagon tipped over while descending one of the steep hills in Kansas City recently and killed four good mules, while the six musicians escaped unharmed. And yet they talk of retributive justice.

Now is the season of the year when the hungry barn-storming pirate, with quickened wit and sharpened pencil, hies him to the newly-opened shows, and deftly twists and steals the best of points and situations for the newest version of the latest Uncle Tom.

Lawrence Barrett's new play, Ganelon, deals with the son of the traitor Ganelon, who betrayed the Paladins at Roncesvalles, but the legends of Corsica show that he was quite an important figure. According to local tradition he came to the island in his youth, a voluntary exile from his native land and seeking opportunity to redeem his name from the infamy which his father's treason had brought upon it. Ganelon's exploits in raising the siege of Aleria and his love for the ruling Count's daughter make the plot.

In the gory drama called Black Hawk, which is now devastating the west, a barkeeper in the second act refuses to supply the Montana Terror with free whisky, to which that distinguished hero responds: "You don't know me! You don't know me, I say! I'm Bloody Bill, the Howling Terror! I'm a greased thunderbolt from Hell's Canon! When I twitter the clouds hide themselves! When I yell the clouds split, the waters stop running and the sun turns back! And when I shriek 'Y-e-i-c-u-w,' it rains b-l u-d!"

The smooth-faced, sharp-featured man, with a soft felt hat pulled down over his forehead, who can be seen every night lounging about the Lyceum Theater, says the New York *Sun*, is Henry C. De Mille, one of the authors of Lord Chamley. He is also the author of The Wife, and he has a new play which will be produced about the middle of November. Mr. De Mille has a family, and during the summer months he enjoys himself on his farm near Echo Lake, in New Jersey. He is fond of animals, and his farm is well stocked with cows, horses and dogs.

On Diverse Strings

What is Love?

For Saturday Night.

Suggested by a friend's pessimistic description of the divine passion.

Is that love, that ever sadness,
Always gloom and never gladness?
Wealth of tears from hot eyes falling,
From woman's eyes, like mysteries
That are the weary heart enthralling?

Bitter sob and heavy sighing,
Broken heart in anguish crying,
Only fear's despairing feeling—
Dark spirit—shrouds, eternal clouds
That never part, the sun revealing—?

Fairy castles fancy—real,
Gay with blossoms hymen cast,
Shattered from our love lit heaven,
Till prone beneath our starry wreath
We mourn the links that fate has riven—?

Fruit that sweet looked to our yearning,
Promised cooling to our burning,
Tempted by its rosy glitter
We took and ate, but ah! sad fate,
'Twas ashy to our taste and bitter—?

Waking from our maiden sleeping,
Yielding what we had been keeping,
To ideal knightly clinging,
Thinking his kiss would bring us bliss
But ah! instead a cruel stingie—?

Is that love, that gloomy story?
Shall we feel naught of the glory
That the poet's pen hath given,
Unto the bond of two hearts fond?
Is there but sorrow in Love's heaven?

Answer me, oh sad-eyed lover,
What dark doom dost thou discover
With the bliss of love's sweet token?
What did it bring beneath its wing
That thy strong heart is bruised and broken?

Answer me, oh glad eyed maiden,
Is thy heart with rapture laden
That thou smilest in such fashion?
Is thy dark fate beyond the bar
That wrecked thy sister's sweetest passion

What is love the wide world over,
Tell me truly, maid or lover,
What of gloom and what of glory?
Are rose and thorn and love and scorn,
Wove in the woof of every story?

SAM GREENWOOD.

Sometimes.

For Saturday Night.

Sometimes I long in utter loneliness to see thy face;
Sometimes I picture how thy smile would bless this empty place;
Sometimes I hear thy voice, in accents glad, or tender tone;
And then I feel that it is doubly sad to be alone.

Ah! life is now a weary thing to me, for, gazing on,
I have no thought nor hope of meeting thee beneath the sun!
My life would lose what most I care to keep, should I forget;
And yet, remembering, I can but weep with vain regret.

For ah! I lost, by my own wayward pride, thy care and love.
I only hope that I may reach thy side in Heaven above;
I only pray that thou wilt find it sweet, and not in vain
To know that all my life, until we meet, is one long pain.

LOT.

In a Friend's Album.

For Saturday Night:

I would that, if long hence you turn these pages,
And read the old familiar words again,
No shadow in the intervening stages,
Should make one name seem darkened to you then.

I would that with no name should rise the memory
Of fickleness, or something come between,
But, e'en though distant, those who here have written
May be your loyal friends when many years have been.

ARETHUSTA.

To the Fallen Gum Tree on Mount Baw-Baw.

This tree, lying in one of the gorges of Mt. Baw-Baw, Gippsland, Victoria, measured, as it lay, 480 feet long, and where the top had been broken off, had a diameter of 2 feet. Our most eminent naturalist pronounces it to have been at least 40 feet longer as it stood.

Yes, you lie there in state unearthly solemn,
As though you'd been a heaven-supporting column,
Not a dead tree, of bark and foliage strip,
Gigantic Eucalypt

Your brothers, standing still, look half-defiant,
Half in mute sorrow for the fallen giant;
I doubt if aught so great e'er fell so far
Except a fallen star.

How tall would you have grown in course of Nature?
How old are your five hundred feet of stature?
Can you remember Noah and the flood
When you were yet a bud?

Standing beside your trunk, one almost fancies
That he beholds the Middle Age romances,
And that the stories travelers have told,
In books despised and old,

May not have been without some slight foundation,
Though they, of course, lost nothing in narration:
Herodotus we dare not now ignore
As Egypt we explore.

What have you witnessed in your long existence
On remote ranges in the Gippsland distance?
Have you seen savage empires rise and fall,
And stories tragical?

Did some black Dido, flying from her lovers,
Found a new kingdom, happy in thy covers,
Until a Maori Æneas came
And lit the cursed flame?

Or a dark Robin Hood devote his leisure
To stealing skulls, and take a savage pleasure
In making what blacks have by way of priests,
Uneasy at their feasts?

Or saw you earlier and gentler races,
Of nobler instincts and with fairer faces,
Die out before the circling boomerang
And the black serpent's fang?

You look like a great chip of the creation,
A relic of the former Dispensation,
When men were forced to spend nine hundred years
Here in this vale of tears.

Yet to us, creatures of a day, it's soothing
To know that, as trees go, your years are nothing;
There's little in Australia but rocks
Of old age orthodox.

Lie there in fallen majesty. I love you!
May you lie till the last trump shall move you,
Magnificent as Cheops in his crypt,
You Grand king Eucalypt

DOUGLAS W. B. SLADEN, B.A., OXON.

Noted People.

Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke will spend the coming winter in Boston.

The Queen of Portugal is an expert swimmer, and has been decorated several times for her bravery in saving human lives.

Ouida carries out the conventional idea of the blue-stocking, inasmuch as she is pronounced the worst dressed woman in Europe.

Mrs. Chamberlain is following in the footsteps of Lady Randolph Churchill, and assumes an active part in her husband's political work.

Johannes Wolff recently played eleven pieces on his violin for Queen Victoria and she gave him a diamond pin and wrote him an autograph letter.

The Emperor of China has four hundred and twenty-six servants. Think of that, ye American housekeepers who find it no small task to manage two or three!

Mrs. Harrison is said to contemplate the inauguration of a series of conversaziones, readings from popular authors and literary discussions in Washington society this season.

Senator Sherman had a peculiar experience in Paris this summer. He was taken by a crowd for ex-President Ferry, and had to retire to his hotel to escape the jeers which followed him.

The present Mrs. Perugini, the well-known artist, was Collins' sister-in-law. As Miss Dickens she married Charles Collins, Wilkie's brother, and when he died she became Mrs. Perugini.

The Shah of Persia has had a long interview with Hadji Hassein Ghooly Khan about America and it is understood that his curiosity regarding that country has been roused to a feverish heat. It is rumored that he is now making arrangements to come to America next spring incognito.

Ellen Terry is the most widely admired woman in London. She lives unostentatiously, spends little on dress, and drives behind a steady old horse in an unpretending carriage. Yet heads are turned whenever she passes by, for there is a never failing charm about this distinguished actress.

George Bancroft, the veteran historian, is still hale and hearty, and although nine-and-eighty years have passed over his head, is to be found at his desk every morning in the year at six o'clock and writes until nine. After breakfast he goes for a ten-mile gallop, but he never touches pen or paper for the rest of the day. He affects a typewriter.

John Jacob Astor is close upon seventy and lives in solitary state in the big gloomy looking mansion on Thirty third street and Fifth avenue. He has a large collection of bronze statuary and poor dependents, and he owns several square miles of brown stone houses. He is the grandson of John Jacob, and the grandfather of John Jacob the biggest catch in the matrimonial market. He is also a widower.

George Vanderbilt, though still on the sunny side of thirty, has no use for what is called society, but leads the life of a professional bookworm, poring over mouldy and obscure yet priceless editions in the sumptuously fitted up library in his Fifth avenue palace. Yet he has something like $10,000,000 to his own particular check book, and is in consequence the cynosure of all the match-making mammas about town and out of it.

That prolific fiction writer, The Duchess, is in real life a Mrs. Hungerford, and resides in London. The story goes that some few years since her husband committed a forgery for which he was placed behind the bars, and that his wife being thrown upon the world without any source of livelihood, turned in despair to literature. The result was Phyllis, which proved an immense success, and she has since maintained herself by her pen, and handsomely at that, under the now familiar *nom de guerre* of The Duchess.

Archduchess Stephanie, the widow of Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, is living in strict retirement at Ischl. Her suite consists of a lady-in-waiting, a lady's maid, a courier and two footmen. Her carriages are simple and without crests, and drawn by two horses. The only ornament which the young widow wears is a locket and a thin gold chain holding the portrait of her little daughter, to whom she writes regularly every day, and who is said to bear a striking resemblance to Crown Prince Rudolph.

Swinburne, the poet, is a lithe built, vigorous-minded, cordial-mannered man with long-ish hair and an auburn chin beard. He is a very busy man and the day is not long enough for him to get through his work. His handwriting is curiously school-boyish, but he has a marvellously complete collection of literary curios. He has also views of his own on most subjects, and he was half a century of age two years ago. Not long ago, during a heavy rain, Mr. Swinburne was seen calmly marching along towards his usual resting place, and he was protected against the ungentle rain from heaven by neither umbrella nor mackintosh. He was wet through. From his large-brimmed felt hat rills of rain fell down upon his garments, his face was shining as if annointed with oil, his long white cuffs were in a miserable state. The number of stories, by the way, which are told at Wimbledon about the poet, whom every child in the village knows and admires (the admiration being, no doubt, a kind of cupboard love), is quite endless. The confectioner's wife whom Mr. Swinburne honors with his custom was asked whether she knew who the gentleman was who had just left her shop. "Oh, yes," she replied at once, "that's Mr. Swinburne, a private gentleman, but he isn't quite right in his head; he's what they call a poet, I'm told." When he is walking along in his soldierly fashion Mr. Swinburne never takes his eyes off the ground, and evidently does not see that he is the observed of all observers. The other day a charming young lady said in an ecstasy of admiration, "If I only dared, wouldn't I like to go and ask for the honor of shaking hands with him. But he looks too stern." The sternness, however, vanishes altogether when, on their playground on the common, he sees the children at play or being wheeled about in their perambulators. And if you "catch" Mr. Swinburne at such a moment, you marvel no longer that this is the great poet who wrote Atalanta. His face is transfigured, and from his eyes there shines a light which is not of the earth.

The Meanest Girl on Earth.

For Saturday Night.

The meanest girl I ever saw,
Sail Elwilall one day,
Is one that I'm courting with
When down the Kingston way.

She knew I'd like to kiss her well,
She knew I had the right;
But yet she wouldn't give me one,
The little mischief-sprite.

The two in front quite understood,
And seldom turned around;
But when I'd lean to touch her lips
My lady only frowned.

She'd ask Eugene a question quick
He'd turn to make reply;
And I'd sit stupid with stately mien
And disappointed eye.

And then she'd smile—the little witch,
And laugh at my chagrin;
And back I'd go and strive once more
Just one sweet kiss to win.

But all along the country road
She kept me far away,
'Twas only when we came to town
She changed her mode of play.

For then she dropped her distant air,
Her eyes were mischief-bright;
She knew I dare not kiss her then—
Too many folks in sight.

ELMISA.

A Novel Bridal Tour.

"Yes," said my host, as he drew his chair still nearer the open fire, and rubbed his chilled hands before the blazing wood, "we had a most enjoyable wedding journey, and it was as unique as it was pleasant." I was on a visit to an old schoolmate, who had recently been married, and her husband having just come home from his business was conversing with me while his little wife bustled away to see that all was in readiness for the evening meal.

We were soon seated at the table, and there, with full view of their two happy faces, I heard of the strange wedding tour.

"You see," began Mrs. Tom Hills, as she passed me a cup of fragrant oolong, "we could not decide where to go; I did so dislike the idea of being pointed out as a bride everywhere and as Tom thought just as I did"—which was natural, just then, I put in, mentally—"we were dreadfully puzzled. So when we learned that a phaeton and a pair of ponies were to be among our wedding gifts, we agreed to make use of the timely present, and go on our wedding journey in a phaeton. Every one was astonished, and inclined to be rather critical as to our soundness of intellect; but we were determined, and drove off gaily with two small valises, a basket of peaches and our two selves, all snugly packed in our new conveyance. Yes, please, Tom." This last was in answer to the host's enquiry if the narrator would be helped to some moulded tongue, and while the affair was being decided in point of quantity, etc., I found time to think the following: "What a sensible couple." I remembered the interest everyone seemed to take in Darby and me when we boarded the train at the dingy little depot, and how even the conductor—though he did try—bless him—to conceal his knowledge from us, seemed to say by his very actions—"newly married." Hence my admiration for two people who were independent enough to take their own wedding journey, in their own way, and allow Dame Grundy and Madame Fashion to have a cup of tea and an hour's gossip over their method, if the dear old ladies so desired.

"I wonder how it is that brides are always recognized as such?" inquired Mr. Hills.

"Because their entire outfit is new, and such events occur but seldom," answered his wife.

"Because the bride looks so confiding," I ventured.

"I honestly believe some little bird tells," said Mrs. Hills, and then she went on. "We expressed a trunk to a town we expected to reach in a couple of days, and from there we sent it on a little farther. The weather was very delightful, and as we drove along, no one dreamed we were so recently married, and we felt as if we had played a great joke on the world and his wife, and were, in consequence, very happy. We gathered golden-rod—that is some of it on the bracket behind Tom," and, following the speaker's glance, I saw a large cluster of the autumn's pride arranged in a vase. "We stopped at nearly every town we came to—sometimes for a meal, sometimes to rest—and often to buy fruit or cream; and after a drive of about fifty miles, we reached St. Catharines, where we stayed for a day and a half.

"Leaving there we went on to Clifton, or, as they now call it, Niagara Falls, Ont., and remained there for several days, visiting places of interest to us in all directions. We viewed the falls from all points, watched the Maid of the Mist, and very nearly decided to take the trip, but I refused after having half made up my mind. We rambled over the islands, Goat, Luna and the Sisters, walked through the parks, and enjoyed old Niagara's roaring, and her rainbow in the mist, and all the other novelties over again and again.

"Another day we drove down to Queenston, visited Brock's Monument, and climbed the two hundred and thirty-five steps; being fully rewarded for the loss of breath by the view. Scarborough Heights showed plainly—and Toronto dimly, across the lake, which seemed to lie at our feet, while the Niagara river crept along swiftly yet quietly, with great oily overlying sheets.

"Coming down the hill we seemed to be almost in Lewiston, but the broken footbridge hanging upturned across the river forbade our driving there. Dinner we took in Queenston, and then followed the river road to the old town of Niagara, had tea, and drove back to Clifton in the evening." "That was a glorious night for a drive," put in my host, "a trifle chilly but the air was not too cold, and the stars lent what the moon withheld in the way of light."

"You tell Frances a little now," remarked my friend Kate; and, apparently well pleased to do his part, Mr. Hills went on.

"The next day we visited the whirlpool, and a great climb we had there; for Kate would not be satisfied without climbing down the hillside to the petrifying spring, where we gathered some petrified moss, and had an exceptionally fine view, as we stood on a large flat stone, at the water's edge."

"We went over to Buffalo, by train, one day," put in his better half.

"Oh, yes! I had forgotten. Kate's gloves did not look quite so painfully new, and her hat had been out in six sprinkles of rain and—"

"Now, Tom, be good," said the lady referred to.

So Tom concluded with:

"In three weeks, to a day, we drove to the door of our home, well satisfied with our wedding journey, and anxious to recommend our method to all who intend taking a trip of that kind."

FRANCES BURTON CLARKE.

'Varsity Chat.

'Varsity life presents the same features year after year. Timid freshmen, ill at ease and silent, wander aimlessly about, whom, when the senior sees, he takes to himself great comfort over the progress which he has made. These opening days are a pleasant time of idleness and sociability, for, though the finger of authority points imperatively lectureward, we heed it not. Already have we begun to re-enact the unsuspected tragedy of passing opportunities neglected. Would that in our earlier days we had learned well the lesson—that labor always, and nothing but labor, ever brings success.

•

By reason of the early convocation, college life is already in full swing. The bulletin board is full of notices of all kinds. Mr. Pope summons his stalwarts to the Rugby field, Mr. Peak urges the baseball men to the wielding of the Yankee willow, the treasurer of the Association Football Club gently calls to the recollection of many last year's players the delicate fact that the fee is fifty cents.

•

Preparations for our annual games are being made. Mr. F. H. Moss balances the potential beauty of his frame on the presidential stool. Mr. Peat will keep a true and correct account of any money he may receive, and Mr. Pope will sign the invitations. A number of councillors have been added to the committee to see that these above-named gentlemen perform their duties.

•

Our new professor of English has made his first appearance and has created that favorable impression so desirable for an incoming professor. We rejoice in the fact that a series of wise appointments is equipping our college with a band of young, able and enthusiastic men. Praise, however, at this early stage is meaningless. Experience is the only reliable test of a man's powers.

•

This brings me to the consideration of the vacancy in the department of mental science. The *Bystander* takes the unassailable ground that the man to be appointed is he who, irrespective of all considerations of nationality or locality, can best serve the student interest. It is absurd to have preferences for certain candidates without knowing the qualifications of all, but it is also impossible to close one's ears to the ugly rumors afloat, to the effect that theology is to be a greater factor in this appointment than the records of the candidates or even metaphysics itself. It is broadly hinted, in fact, that Dr. Caven's influence as head of the Equal Rights movement is exerted on Mr. Mowat in favor of a certain candidate. Without wasting words, it may be as broadly hinted in return, that no man of unbiassed mind believes Dr. Caven capable of any such wretched business.

•

It may always be said, in defiance of arithmetic, that the ladies are the majority. At the present rate of increase in 'Varsity corridors they bid fair to rival us even in numbers.

•

Prof. VanderSmissen returned on Tuesday from the Fatherland.

•

Mr. J. H. Moss, B.A., has entered law under the guidance of Messrs. Moss, Barwick and Franks. Mr. Waldron of pugilistic repute, used to say that law was better than starvation.

•

Rev. J. O. Miller, B.A., principal of Bishop Ridley's school, St. Catharines, has gathered around him a distinguished staff from our graduates. Mr. H. J. Cody, B.A., teaches classics; Mr. Spotton, B.A., mathematics, and Mr. F. J. Steen, B.A., teaches the young idea how to express itself in modern languages. We look for a strong array of matriculants from the school.

•

Mr. W. P. Mustard, B.A., who has held the classical fellowship for the past three years, goes to pursue his researches at Johns Hopkins. We have no fear but that he will fully sustain our high reputation at that institution. Our best wishes go with him at any rate.

•

The first meeting of the Literary Society was held this week. The subject debated was: Resolved, that the jury system should be abolished. We are accustomed to hear periodically about the decay of our society but it may not be out of place to take time by the forelock and suggest to members the advisability of attending the society and thus preventing the said decay from occurring again.

NEMO.

Fair Women Play Billiards.

Chicago cannot have the World's Fair, says the New York *Sun*, but she can and does have, according to a recent issue of the *Herald*, a bevy of butterfly billiard players which might be an interesting and attractive feature of any exposition, and a pleasing illustration of the progress peculiar to the latter half of this very impetuous century.

The ancient traditions of the billiard room, hitherto murky with cigar smoke and vaguely suggestive of general wickedness and profanity, have been destroyed by the daring, naughty feminine invaders, all perfume and frills and *frou frou*, whose slim white hands are becoming very clever and skilful in the manipulation of the cue, and whose gracious presence is in itself a guarantee of the refinement which is continually more apparent in the atmosphere of this healthful and fascinating exercise.

It is little more than a decade since the winsome and witching Mme. Garnier, wife of the expert, Albert Garnier, excited the admiration of men and the envy of women by her graceful and scientific playing, and now so many lovely ladies are following her example that a billiard table forms one of the indispensable adjuncts to a fashionable residence in town, and not only that, but on ladies' evenings at the society clubs the billiard rooms prove equal in attraction to the ball rooms, while at the summer resorts during the past season so popular has been the game that ladies have even whiled away the long mornings playing with those of their own sex. Interesting and fascinating indeed must be a game which can reconcile women to consider their sisters either as partners or antagonists, for either the game lags wearily for want of zeal and interest or is played spitefully in bitterness of spirit over every little difference of opinion, and the victory when achieved is almost worthless when you have only beaten a woman after all.

The favorite costume with the ladies is a tennis dress or loosely girded gown, with roomy sleeves, for it is about as easy to play base ball in a dress that is as unyielding at the waist as a corselet of steel and with sleeves that pinion the arms like a straitjacket as to try to make a difficult carom or to give the peculiar curl to the cue ball by which masse shots are accomplished. And judging from some of the unconventional and startling attitudes in which these merry maidens indulge in their morning revels with the ivories, it is safe to surmise that certain concealed but indispensable elements of full dress are entirely done away with beneath the flannel blouse.

Very elegantly appointed billiard tables are designed to please the fair devotees of the game, who are in this, as in all things, fastidious and luxurious in their tastes. Mrs. George M. Pullman, who has been able to defeat her husband at billiards for several years, has wonderful tables at her Castle of Rest on the St. Lawrence, as well as in her house on Prairie avenue, whose cost approximates several thousand dollars, and Mrs. Potter Palmer has a table of her own designing which cost $1,000 to manufacture. It is so arranged that when not in use it assumes the form of a handsome dining table, which is covered with a beautiful table spread, the cue rack being hidden behind a curtain of gold brocade. Mrs. Dexter, another ingenious lady, has a costly table, made after an original design, and has acquired considerable proficiency in the game through the offices of Mrs. Pullman.

It is said that ladies make very apt pupils and acquire very readily the stroke, gentle touch, and nicety of aim requisite for skilful playing, and several society stars have quite an enviable reputation for skill at billiards.

One rather pleasing peculiarity noticeable in woman players is the increased zest, nicety, and brilliance of their playing when men are their adversaries. A man usually makes his most brilliant plays when playing with those of his kind, and when playing against the woman he admires, either through courtesy or carelessness, his playing is more mediocre. Not so with a woman. The man she most admires she pursues relentlessly and conquers most ignominiously. Her defiance gives her daring, and she would sooner beat her best fellow than be the acknowledged champion of a world of girls.

Two Young Publishers.

Only those on the inside of New York literary and journalistic circles, says the New York *Star*, know anything about The Bok Syndicate Press, a bureau from which emanate many of the best and most striking literary articles by famous authors found in the modern newspaper. It is owned and managed by two brothers, Edward W. and William J. Bok. The combined ages of these two young publishers do not make the figure fifty, and yet within their control rests one of the most remarkable literary influences of to-day. They control the literary work of some forty-five of the most famous men and women of the day, which they supply to newspapers simultaneously all over the country and in Canada and England. Edward Bok holds a responsible position in one of the big New York publishing houses, and his name is without doubt the enterprise. William devotes all his time to the work, and under his name the business is conducted. While Edward makes all the contracts with authors, William stands at the helm and carries out the ideas of his younger brother. A better matched couple of brothers, it would be difficult to find. Edward has a wonderfully extensive acquaintance among famous people. He is well read, has good literary judgment, and knows precisely what the people want. William is of untiring energy, and a doubtful literary venture becomes a success in his hands. The brothers are very popular in society, and one is almost sure to meet them at any prominent literary or social event. Both are good talkers, have pleasant manners and what the one lacks the other supplies. They have built up their business from nothing. Henry Ward Beecher started Edward by making him his literary manager, and in this way the bureau began. Now, almost every author of note writes for the two brothers. They have no difficulty in securing writers, for they pay promptly and manage excellently. Their principal writers include Grace Greenwood, Wilkie Collins, Marion Harland, Lew Wallace, Ella Wheeler, Will Carleton, Max O'Rell and a score of others. They work quietly, the general public hears but little of them, yet it is doubtful whether any two young men in New York have so bright a future before them.

An Anxious Moment.

It was in 1813, at a time when Napoleon's nerves were more irritable than ever. Annoyed at the frequent visits paid by the Austrian ambassador to Marie Louise, and suspecting his baleful influence, the Emperor wrote in mad haste a violent article against his father-in-law, and sent it by an aide-de-camp to Etienne, the editor of the *Journal de l'Empire* (still existing under the title of the *Debats*), with an order to publish it the following day at the head of his paper. Next morning Napoleon opened the newspaper with trembling hand; the article was not there. Livid with suppressed rage, he called an orderly officer, and thundered out to him, "Go and tell Mr. Etienne that if the article does not appear to-morrow morning, I will have him sabred like a Pandour!" And he impatiently waited the expiry of the twenty-four hours. The next day, again no article. Then Napoleon, unable to restrain himself any longer, gave vent to his passion in a torrent of abuse, and shouted to his officers, "Bring Etienne here, dead or alive!——" With blood-shot eyes, and terrible to behold, he paced up and down his cabinet like a caged tiger. Etienne arrived, went in, pale as a sheet, and waited in silence. Not having noticed him, Napoleon continued his excited chase up and down the room, whilst the bystanders anxiously wondered what was going to happen. Suddenly the Emperor walked straight up to the man, seized him by the arm, and, giving him a violent shake, said in a gruff tone, "I thank you, sir," and went out, leaving Etienne in a state of stupefaction. He had understood that this resistance to his sovereign will, if not an act of madness, could only proceed from the certain conviction that it would save him from committing a serious blunder. But what a scene, and what a lesson!

Unconquerable.

Train Robber (entering smoking car)—Throw up both hands!

Jenkins (engrossed in euchre)—Hanged if I will; here's both bowers and the joker!

Autumn Leaves.

Fleery—What in the world can De Tanque find attractive about that old maid?

Sneery—Perhaps it's her corkscrew curls.

Mr. Suffermore—We fellows play every night at college for a small stake.

Miss Virginia—What glutions!

She said that she had never loved before;
I smiled, but uttered not a word of blame.
For, while she spoke, upon my knees I swore
That I could truly say the very same.

In the car: Miss Weaklimb—We have got to stand, dear.

Miss Caustique—Yes; I wish we had taken a horse car instead of a hog car.

There is a truth, it needs no verse
To make it plain to you:
This world would be a great deal worse
If all we heard were true.

Snigsby—What did you say to that rich girl with the wig and the set of teeth?

Newblud—Told her that with all her false I loved her still.

Guest—Give me some paper, waiter. I wish to write a note.

Waiter—What kind, sir?

Guest—Any kind.

(Waiter brings him some fly paper.)

Rev. Mr. Primrose—Those two brothers afford a fine text for a sermon. All their lives they have helped each other along.

Geewillikins—So I should judge. The one is a confectioner and the other a dentist.

Mr. Foxey—What a lovely sister you have, Mrs. Goldwidow.

Mrs. Goldwidow—Why, Mr. Foxey, don't you know that Mamie is my daughter, not my sister?

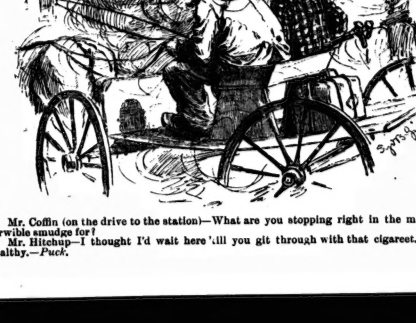
Mr. Foxey—Who would have thought it? May I hope some day to be worthy of your love, Mrs. Goldwidow?

Mrs. Goldwidow—Ah—h, Mr. Foxey!

Put Yourself in His Place.

Young Bachelor—I love her, but she is too young to say whether she will wait for me or not and (bursting into tears) perhaps she'd marry some one else!—*Life.*

"Of Two Evils," Etc.



Mr. Coffin (on the drive to the station)—What are you stopping right in the midst of this terrible smudge for?

Mr. Hitchup—I thought I'd wait here till you git through with that cigareet. It's more healthy.—*Puck.*

THE STORY OF AN ERROR

By the Author of "His Wedded Wife," "A Fatal Dower," "Barbara," "Ladybird's Penitence," "Bunchie," "A Foolish Marriage," etc.

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XI.

"And I tell you that Lady Beacham hates you, Stanley! Don't trust her, for she's a horrid woman—all affectation and humbug! Her illness is assumed, and she is madly in love with Hugh!"

Lola spoke with unusual vehemence; and Stanley smiled at her earnestness, although the smile was forced.

The cousins were in Stanley's bed-room at Combermere. Lola was dressed for dinner; but Stanley, who at Lola's request had dismissed her maid, was putting the last touches to her own toilette. She looked rather pale in the soft light of the wax candles on either side of the mirror.

"You are very sorry, Lola!" she said, glancing affectionately at her cousin.

"No, I am not," Lola answered quickly. "She cannot bear to think that there is one man in the world who can resist her! She hates you because Hugh Cameron loves you, and she would do anything to bring him back to his old allegiance. Not that he was ever in love with her, you know," Lola went on eagerly—"I don't mean that; but—"

"He could not help admiring her," said Stanley slowly—"she is so lovely, Lola!"

"Oh, everyone admire her, of course; but it does not follow that everyone loves her! Stanley"—Lola leaned forward and looked earnestly into the troubled brown eyes—"I hope she has not been putting wrong ideas into your head; I hope she has not been making you unhappy Hugh!"

Stanley raised her head haughtily; but, meeting Lola's earnest, deprecating glance, she put out her hand.

"You are very good, Lola!" she said, gently. "I think she will not succeed in making me mistrust Hugh, even if she wishes to do so; but I doubt that. They are very good friends, he and she, and she is very nice to me—for his sake, I think."

"That letter this morning," Lola began, hesitatingly, after a pause—"she put it down where you could see it, and—"

"My dear Lola," interrupted Stanley, laughing, "do you think I mind Hugh writing to her? I am far too conceited for that, even of Lady Beacham! Now run away, dear; I want a few minutes to myself before dinner."

Lola's bright face looked unusually grave as she left the room, and for the hundredth time she wished she had not yielded to the momentary feeling of pique which had prompted her to elude to Hugh Cameron in her letter to Lady Beacham at Eyncourt. She did not like her ladyship, who was far too beautiful to have many friends among her own sex, and she was fond of Stanley, who had been good to her, and her quick eyes had fathomed the look of pain which had been dawning slowly yet surely in her cousin's eyes since Hugh Cameron left Combermere.

"She is a hateful made-up minx!" declared Lola, pulling on her gloves viciously as she went down the corridor.

Hugh Cameron had kept his resolve. On the day after his departure a letter had reached Lady Hartop excusing himself from completing his visit—his mother was not well, and he was remaining at Brancepeth. The same mail brought a letter for Stanley; and the girl, as she read it, was struck by its depressing tone—and the same sadness was apparent in the other letters which had come to her daily since he left.

The gay house-party at Combermere seemed to have lost all its charm for Stanley after the receipt of that first letter. The girl was passionately in love, and the sharp pangs of jealousy, evanescent as they were, had taught her how great was her love for Hugh. She missed him, and it seemed to her that Lady Beacham watched her with half-amused, half-compassionate eyes, although she treated her with the utmost graciousness and seemed anxious to win her friendship.

It was strange and incomprehensible to Stanley how this beautiful woman attracted and repelled her. Sometimes she felt her fascination and charm so strong that she felt drawn to her; at other times she felt as if she hated her. She tried to check the feeling as as unworthy one; but she failed—a strange antipathy to Lady Beacham seemed to fill her heart and made her manner cold and proud and distant.

"Hugh has run away," Lady Beacham had said lightly, as they met in the corridor upon which both their rooms opened, on the evening of his departure. "Discretion is sometimes the better part of valor. I do not think he will return to-morrow."

"From what has he fled?" Stanley had asked, smiling and looking straight into her rival's face. "From your ladyship's beautiful eyes?"

"Perhaps," she had answered, with a laugh; but her lips had paled slightly, for Stanley's proud carelessness stung her.

"You see, I was right," she said the next morning after breakfast, when Lady Hartop had expressed her regret at the contents of Hugh's letter: "he will not return."

"You were quite right," Stanley replied, smiling. "Did you send him away?"

"Of course not! My dear child"—and she put her hand on Stanley's shoulder—"when a man is engaged to a beauty and an heiress like yourself, any other woman has very little influence over him. You need not be jealous, I assure you!"

Stanley looked at her calmly, with a rather contemptuous expression on her face.

"I jealous!" she said, in an amused tone. "Of whom? Of whom?"

And yet that evening, as the door closed after Lola and she sat alone before the mirror, she knew that she was jealous. She knew that Lady Beacham's little innuendoes were not without effect—that, pin-pricks though they were, they were hard to bear. She knew that the sight of Hugh's handwriting on an envelope addressed to Lady Beacham had made her eyes grow dim and her hands cold and tremulous; she knew that the very thought of an intimacy between them was hateful to her. It pained and fretted her to see that others seemed to look upon a close friend-ship between them as a fact; it annoyed her to think that they regarded Lady Beacham's influence over Hugh Cameron as potent. No! she was doubtful his love for herself—she knew that her place in his heart was secure enough; but she feared the beauty and fascination which were arrayed against her; for she knew that Laura Beacham loved Hugh Cameron and that she would make use of every means for attaining him from the woman to whom he had plighted his troth.

She was conscious too that others might imagine that it was only Hugh's keen sense of honor which made him true to his betrothal vows—and this thought was an almost unbearable one. She felt that she had never been a popular member of society—that she had never been sought after and worshipped as Lady Beacham was. Stanley was a proud woman, and such a thought as this gave her intense pain.

It was some consolation to remember how frankly Hugh had always spoken of Lady Beacham and her friendship with her; but, while Stanley's troubled heart acknowledged this, she was vexed to think that the intimacy between them was so great. Why did he write to her? How was it that she had known he would not return to Combermere?

When, on the morning after Hugh's departure, Lord Hartop, reading the newspaper, had exclaimed at the offer of a baronetcy to Philip Cameron, Lady Beacham had seemed languidly amused at the surprise and ignorance manifested by the guests, and evidently shared by Stanley.

"Did you not know?" she asked" raising her delicately marked eyebrows. "He will not accept it—at least, so Hugh tells me."

And, when her assertion was confirmed by the daily papers, and Lord Hartop and Combermere at dinner-time, Stanley had felt the keenest pangs of jealousy. How was it that she knew nothing either of the offer or of the refusal, when Hugh had evidently written to tell Lady Beacham of both?

The clang of the dinner-bell roused the girl from her reverie, and, with a start, she rose and picked up her fan and gloves. She was late in going down to the drawing-room; and Carlos Melville, who took her in to dinner, found her somewhat absent and distraite, until, perceiving a look of sympathy in the young man's eyes, she roused herself, and was so bright and charming that she almost turned the young artist's head.

"Our heiress consoles herself," Lady Beacham whispered to her escort. "I hope it won't be at the expense of a heart; he is too poor Carlos Melville, who is already smitten."

There was a meaning smile in her eyes as she glanced across at Stanley, which the girl saw and understood, although she appeared supremely unconscious of her rival's scrutiny.

Proud, serene, and indifferent as Stanley looked, no movement of Lady Beacham's escaped her that night. The beauty seemed in the highest of spirits; she was magnificently dressed in her favorite faded blue, with diamonds about her throat and arms and in her hair. She looked so dazzlingly beautiful that every man in Lady Hartop's drawing-rooms that night was attracted to her. Stanley watched her with an ever-deepening pain at her heart. Was it possible that this radiant creature could love and not be loved in return? Had Hugh Cameron left Combermere because he feared to trust himself within reach of Lady Beacham's fascinations? Had he thought, as she herself had suggested, that "discretion was the better part of valor?" Had he found himself obliged to fly lest she should make him false to his plighted word?

Bravely, with all the strength of her nature, Stanley Gerant strove to dismiss these suspicions from her mind—bravely and yet vainly, for they recurred again and again and haunted her with a persistence which made her angry and sad.

It was in vain she assured herself that, if mutual love had existed between Lady Beacham and Hugh Cameron and Lady Beacham would have been man and wife before now—there could have been no obstacle to a marriage between them. But, when she tried to reassure herself with this thought, she remembered the remark she had overheard on the afternoon of her ladyship's arrival—that Hugh had loved her, but his affection had not been returned. Could this be the reason then? Was it possible that now, when she saw him betrothed to another, she had discovered that she loved him better than she thought and wished to bring him back to his allegiance?

The girl's heart was heavy that night as she stood at the open window of her room. This feeling of unrest and pain was a new experience to her. Her engagement had hitherto brought her a happiness which was beautiful in its cloudless sunshine; but now her heart ached, and there was an expression of sadness in her beautiful eyes almost as if she saw what the near future held for her.

CHAPTER XII.

Stanley lingered by the open window until the peace and tranquility of the beautiful night seemed to soothe her heart, deadening her strange pain. She might have lingered longer; but a low knock at her door aroused her with a start. It was followed by the sound of a voice speaking her name.

Without a moment's hesitation, Stanley crossed the room and unfastened the door, uttering an exclamation of surprise as she saw Lady Beacham standing on the threshold. She wore a long loose white robe; her hair was falling about her shoulders, her face was very pale, and she looked worn and old.

"May I come in?" she said. "I saw your lights were burning. Am I very inconsiderate? But—"

She stepped into the room as she spoke, her figure swaying unsteadily; she was breathing quickly, and the hand she held out to Stanley was trembling.

"I am glad you are awake," she went on, with a faint smile. "I was writing, when one of those horrid fainting fits came on, and I was frightened. Forgive me for troubling you!"

"I am glad you came to me," said Stanley, gently, all other feelings but sympathy and pity vanishing as she put her arm round the trembling woman and led her to a chair, into which she sank heavily, as if her strength had failed her completely. "I will ring for help," added the girl, hurriedly; but Lady Beacham grasped her dress.

"It is nothing; I am better; do not trouble!" she murmured. "Give me a little water!"

Stanley obeyed, and then gently raised the drooping head and laid her back more comfortably in the chair.

Lady Beacham seemed passive; but, as the girl attempted to loosen the soft laces at her throat, she raised her hand as if to prevent her unfastening them; it sank again almost immediately however, as if she were not equal to so slight an effort.

"I am so sorry!" she murmured, almost inarticulately. "It is nothing! Don't ring!"

Stanley went to the dressing-table, took up a wicker-covered flask which stood there, and, pouring some of its contents into her hands, began gently rubbing Lady Beacham's temples and bathing her with perfume.

Suddenly her ladyship moved restlessly on her cushions, and, murmuring "I am stifling!" tore aside the lace at her throat. Her movement disclosed a slender gold chain from which hung a large locket ornamented with an initial letter in diamonds. As Stanley saw this initial, it, she saw that the letter was H., and almost involuntarily she shrank back; but the next moment she had bent over Lady Beacham again and resumed her ministrations.

"I am so sorry to have given you so much trouble!" said her ladyship, in a faint but perfectly natural tone. "How good you have been to me!"

"You are better, I hope?" returned the girl gently but coldly.

"Oh, yes—in a minute I shall be myself!" she answered feebly. "But might I ask you to go to my room for me? My smelling-salts are very strong, and you will find them from the writing table," she added, as Stanley put aside the flask of Cologne-water. "It is really too bad to give you so much trouble!"

"Pray do not mention it," Stanley replied; "I scarcely like to leave you."

"Oh, I shall be better!—this is a faint smile.

Stanley went quickly out of the room in search of the smelling-salts. When she returned, Lady Beacham was still lying back in the arm-chair, her hair falling about her in loosened masses which almost touched the ground.

"I tried to get to the window," she said faintly; "but I was scarcely strong enough. Did you find the bottle?"

As Stanley handed it to her, she saw that her ladyship's movements had further disturbed the lace about her throat and bosom, and that the glitter of diamonds had disappeared. And, as Laura feebly raised her hand to take the smelling-salts, Stanley saw that the reverse side of the locket was disclosed, and that Hugh's eyes were smiling up at her out of the little golden frame. She could not check a slight recoiling movement. Lady Beacham looked at her through her long lashes.

"I am afraid I have alarmed and distressed you faithfully," she said—"you are so pale! I am very grieved; but—"

"Pray do not speak of it!" Stanley interrupted quickly. "I am only too glad to have been of use to you. You are really better now, I think?"

"Oh, yes; but these attacks are so trying—they leave me quite prostrate! I dare say you know the sensation—do you not?"

"No," rejoined Stanley quietly: "I have never fainted."

"Never! How strong you must be!"—with a weary sigh, as she closed her eyes and let her head fall languidly back. "Life without health is scarcely worth having!"

Stanley looked at her quickly; there was something intensely pathetic in her manner and voice, and the beautiful pale face was sad as well as wan. As the girl looked, she felt a sharp pang of self-reproach at the thought which had crossed her mind—that Lady Beacham's illness was feigned. She had recalled Lola's words once or twice during the last ten minutes, although she had striven to dismiss them. It would have been impossible to feign that pallor of cheek and lip, that faint breathing, that icy coldness of the hands. Besides, Stanley thought, Lady Beacham would not willingly have betrayed the secret of her love for Hugh Cameron to the woman whom he loved. The girl averted her eyes lest they should rest again upon the handsome face which looked at her from its soft frame of lace and diamonds; but the keen eyes watching her beneath the half-closed lids saw that she was strangely pale; and a throb of exultation stirred the heart which beat under Hugh Cameron's portrait.

A brief silence ensued, which Lady Beacham broke, raising herself rather languidly from the cushions.

"I must not keep you from your rest any longer, you pretty pale child!" she said, with a faint smile. "But it was good of you to keep your burning the midnight oil! You have been so good to me! How can I thank you?"

"By saying no more about it," Stanley answered, with a coldness she could not hide. "There is really no need. Are you well enough to return to your room? Mine is at your service for the night as long as you wish it."

"Oh, I can manage, if you will give me your arm down the corridor!" she replied, rising with a strange, tottering movement. "It would do me good to walk a little. I might not meet with two good Samaritans in one night."

She put her hand within Stanley's arm as she spoke, and the girl felt its fingers clutch through the sleeve of the loose wrapper she wore; and again she experienced a thrill of commotion and self-reproach.

"Will you not have a shawl?" she asked, less coldly.

"Oh, no—I am not cold!"

She withdrew her hand from Stanley's arm and began to draw together the loosened folds of her wrapper. As she did so she seemed suddenly to become aware that the hand had been disclosed; for she uttered a sharp exclamation and turned towards Stanley. The girl's eyes met hers with a calm cold surprise, before which Lady Beacham's own glance fell, and she seemed to tremble as she hurriedly endeavored to fasten the lace and ribbons.

"I did not know!" she murmured. "Oh, how dreadful! Oh, let me go before I give you any further trouble!"

She seemed to be unconscious of what she said or did as she staggered towards the door. Stanley followed and put her arm round her.

"You cannot go alone," she said quietly; "you must allow me to assist you."

"No, no—you are too good!" Lady Beacham murmured; but she leaned heavily on the girl's arm as she led her slowly down the dimly-lighted corridor, and, when they reached her room, she sank heavily into a chair near the writing-table.

The candles on her dressing table were still burning, and a reading lamp shed a soft light upon the papers with which her writing table was strewn. Suddenly she turned her eyes and looked with an expression of horror and distress at Stanley, who lingered, uncertain whether to leave her or not.

"I sent you for my smelling bottle," she said, hoarsely. "Where did you find it?"

"On the table, Madam," Stanley, quietly—"just where your hand is resting."

"Ah!"—and Lady Beacham rose from her seat as if roused by some sudden thought.

"Then you saw," she exclaimed, wildly—"you could not help seeing—Oh"—sinking back into her chair with a moan—"what have I done? Will you never forget it?"

Stanley drew herself up a little haughtily.

"Let me assure you that there is no necessity for you to distress yourself, Lady Beacham," she said quietly. "I have seen nothing that you did not wish me to see. Is there anything else I can do for you? You seem very ill still. Let me call your maid."

"Oh, no—I am quite myself again!" answered Lady Beacham quickly. "You have been very good to me, and I have repaid your goodness so badly; but"—she rose, and, leaning forward and speaking earnestly, added—"Hugh and I are very old friends, Miss Gerant. You will not doubt him because you have seen—"

"Doubt Hugh!" echoed Stanley scornfully. "It is out of your power or any one's else to make me do that, Lady Beacham!"

A sudden flush of anger tinted Laura Beacham's pale face and her hand shook as she raised her handkerchief to hide it. Had her elaborate little concert failed? Had she missed her stroke, or had it fallen harmlessly upon Stanley's armor of perfect loyalty? Could there be in all the wide world a woman so utterly blind that the sight of her lover's portrait resting on the bosom of another woman could rouse in her no jealousy? Could she see unmoved your lover's name coupled with the epithet "dearest" written in another's hand in a letter to him? Had this carefully-planned little plot failed, although every detail had been studied and meditated upon?

There was only calm indifference in Stanley's eyes as they met Lady Beacham's flushed face with a half-deprecating, half-angry expression; and, if she was somewhat pale, the lateness of the hour and the alarm she had felt in Laura Beacham's heart-fainted illness might easily account for that.

To Stanley's noble nature even a provocation was incredible; and Laura was amused looking which she stood silently facing her rival were most painful; yet she had never had stronger faith in the man she loved than she had then. And Lady Beacham, who recognized that faith, experienced a feeling of passionate anger rising in her heart, filling it with hatred and fury. She was too proud to show her power to betray her feeling, and her eyes seemed full of kindness and compassion as they rested upon the girl's proud face.

"Your faith is very beautiful and well founded, I am sure," she said tenderly. "But you are young, and you must not expect to see all your ideals realized. Hugh Cameron is only a man after all—and you will soon learn that all our idols have 'feet of clay.' Miss Gerant," she added sweetly, "do not think me a croaking old woman if I warn you against too implicit faith and too great expectation. Hugh is true and noble; but he is only a man, twenty years before he knew you—and men are not by nature faithful."

Stanley looked at her with frank steadfast eyes, and smiled, although her heart beat with painful violence as she listened to the gently-spoken words and remembered that she too had wondered sometimes about those years of Hugh's past in which she had had no share.

"I am sure you think you ought to warn me, Lady Beacham," she replied quietly. "Am I to thank you for the warning and the interest you evince in my happiness and Hugh's? I feel flattered, I assure you!"

"I see," said Lady Beacham, with rather a sorrowful intonation—"I have annoyed you. I am sorry for it, because you have been so good to me; and yet, oh, my child, you are leaning on a reed, and I only wanted to remind you that it was a reed and not an iron staff!"

"I understand and thank you," the girl replied. "And now, as it is growing late, or rather early, and you seem to have recovered, Lady Beacham, will you excuse me if I leave you?"

Lady Beacham had failed, and she understood her failure; but she was too perfect an actress to relinquish her part until there was no necessity for continuing it.

"You leave me in coldness and misunderstanding," she said gently. "But I must bear it because I cannot explain. Good night, and thank you for your kindness to me just now."

She held out her hand with a deprecating look; and, after a moment's hesitation, so cold as to have been almost imperceptible, Stanley touched it with her own.

"Good night," she said. "You are sure I can do nothing more for you?"

"Yes—there is one thing," replied Lady Beacham quickly—"forgive me!"

"I know of nothing to forgive," returned Stanley as she moved towards the door. "Once more, good night."

The door closed after her, and she stood alone in the dimly lighted corridor. The lamps were turned down very low, and Stanley's white figure looked dim and shadowy as she went to her room. The girl was trembling quickly, and, when she had locked her door, she stood motionless, and, leaning against it, put her hand to her heart.

At the same moment Lady Beacham, sitting at her writing table, without a trace of faintness or languor, but with a very pale face, had drawn a telegraph form towards her, and was writing these words—

"I have done my best, and failed. It is your turn now."

(To be Continued.)

The Dangers of the Summer Vacation.

Though the summer touring season is practically over now in Canada for this year, yet many who have just returned may have not entirely escaped some ill effects from their summer vacation, and may profit by the following advice given by the *British Medical Journal*, in its issue of last week:

It says: "The unexpected death of Mr. Firth, M.P., has excited much interest. It is not so much the public services of the deceased as the circumstances of his death that call for notice in our columns. Mr Firth fell a prey to the summer vacation, and many less known men fall victims to the same unfortunate institution.

The middle aged tourist must be chary of undertaking tasks which involve physical fatigue which could be undertaken with ease when he was younger. His chief want during his vacation is rest. A reasonable amount of exercise is good, but still, rest is the great need of recuperation, and, no doubt rest also requires precautions, especially against errors of diet, but hard exercise involves greater risks. In mature age the tourist who has realized the beauties of nature in youth can contemplate them and reflect upon them with profit. Such is his holiday work. He is the reflective contemplation and reflection. He must partake with studied moderation of pleasures for which he has become less fitted. It is not an unwholesome sign when the experienced traveler tells his friends that a top of a mountain looks best when viewed from the valley. We are not taking into account exceptional individuals, who are, physically, young men at the age of fifty; we speak of that great majority of the mature who have too early in the experience of older friends with evergreen constitutions.

The Three Graces.

"Who is that lady dressed in black, mamma?" asked Bobby, as he sat with his mother on a seat in the park.

"That is a Sister of Charity, my boy," replied his mother.

Bobby pondered deeply for a moment, and then said: "Which is she, mamma—Faith or Hope?"

A Convincing Argument.

Mrs. Skinnphlint (doubtfully)—Josiah, there's a peddler at the door with a rug worth $10. He offers it for $1. I would like to buy it, but I'm afraid it wouldn't be just exactly honest. He must have stolen it or he wouldn't offer it so cheap.

Mr. Skinnphlint (excitedly)—What? A $10 rug for $1? Why, it's robbery! But see here, he says he didn't steal it, and of course he'll say so, that will settle it as far as we are concerned. We have to prove it, you know. The question him myself. (Goes to door and addresses peddler jocosely.) How much did you say you wanted for this rug? (One dollar, hey? m-m. It's worth perhaps half that. I'm afraid—ha! ha!—I'm afraid you stole this rug somewhere, my friend.

Peddler (terror-stricken)—Yes, sir, I did! But don't give me away, for heaven's sake! I—I—

Mr. Skinnphlint (somewhat taken aback, but recovering himself and exchanging a silver dollar for the rug)—That's all right, Mary Jane. We don't know whether he's telling the truth or not. A man that'll steal will lie about it.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Hint to Country Editors.

The following announcement appeared in a provincial newspaper:

"To our subscribers and readers!

"Being aware that farmers have no time to read our paper during the summer season, we have just adopted a plan for making this periodical reader them good service. In future, during the months of June, July and August, it will be printed on blank paper. All that is required is to damp the sheet, sprinkle sugar over it, and lay it on a plate. If by any chance a fly should escape the general slaughter, it may be regarded as a special, our preparation being sudden death to these pests.

"P.S.—We warn our fellow-editors that they are strictly prohibited from copying our example. The system is patented."—*La Croix.*

Good for the Health.

Jenks (who has taken to horseback riding, and bounces about ten inches at every step)—Ah! How dy-do, Blinks! I think horseback riding is wonderfully good for health, don't you?

Blinks Yes, indeed. All who see you will be benefited. Laugh and grow fat, you know. —*N. Y. Weekly.*

Pertinent Queries.

Why do we always talk of putting on a coat when we put on one pair of trousers?

We also say putting on shoes and stockings. But who puts on the shoes before the stockings? We also put up signs telling people to wipe their feet when we mean their boots or shoes. And a father tells a boy he will warm his jacket when he means to warm his pantaloons. We are a little eccentric in our phrases, ain't we, at times?

One of Eli Perkins' Stories.

One day, when they were criticising Dr. Bliss, General Sheridan came to the doctor's defense.

"Dr. Bliss was a good physician," said General Sheridan. "He saved my life once."

"How? How did Bliss save your life?" asked Dr. Hammond.

"Well," said Sheridan, "I was very sick in the hospital after the battle of Winchester. One day they sent for Dr. Agnew, of Philadelphia, and he gave me some medicine, but I kept getting worse. Then they sent for Dr. Frank Hamilton and he gave me some medicine. I grew worse and worse. Then they sent for Dr. Bliss, and—"

"And you still grew worse?"

"No, Dr. Bliss didn't come; He saved my life!"

An Important Matter.

Wedding guest—Where's the bridegroom?

Bride—Just gone out on a little errand.

Wedding guest—Something important, I suppose, or ne wouldn't have left you so soon after the ceremony."

Bride—Oh, yes; he went out to see if papa's wedding check was good.—*Epoch.*

WHICH WILL IT BE?

Which is the fairest, a rose or a lily?
Which is the sweetest, a pearl or a pear?
Merry's coquetish, and charming is Milly;
Dora is gentle and fair.
Sweet as a flower was her dower that kissed her,
(Love is the romance and glory of life)
Milly, playmate, I love like a sister,
But Dora I choose for my wife.

That is right, young man, marry the girl you love, all means, if she will have you. Should her health become delicate and her beauty fade after marriage, remember that this is usually due to functional disturbances, weaknesses irregularities, or painful disorders peculiar to her sex, in the curre of which Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is **guaranteed** to give satisfaction, or money refunded. See the printed certificate of guarantee on bottle-wrapper.

For over-worked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic, or strength-giver.

Copyright, 1889, by WORLD'S DIS. MED. ASS'N.

Dr. PIERCE'S PELLETS

regulate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels. They are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. **One a Dose.** Sold by druggists. 25 cents a vial.

LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT OF

DIAMONDS.

At 20 per cent. less than any other house in the city. A stones warranted as represented.

GEO. E. TORREY

Manufacturing Jeweler

91 King Street East, opp. Toronto Street

SOCIETY REGALIAS

Fancy Ball Costumes

Art Needle Work and Supplies

Together with every description of Fancy-Work Goods. Stamping, etc.

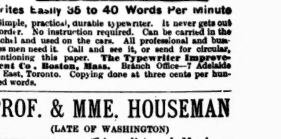
Gold & Silver Fringes Laces, Cords, Tassels, etc.

AT

W. C. MORRISON'S

161 King Street West

PRICE $10 PRICE $10



Writes Easily 35 to 40 Words Per Minute

Simple, practical, durable typewriter. Is never going out of order. No instruction required. Can be carried in the satchel and used on the cars. All professional and business men need it. Call and see it, or send for circular, mentioning this paper. **The Typewriter Improvement Co., Boston, Mass.** Branch Office—7 Adelaide St. East, Toronto. Copying done at three cents per hundred words.

PROF. & MME. HOUSEMAN

(LATE OF WASHINGTON)

Chiropodist and Manicure

228 YONGE STREET

Bunions, Ingrowing Nails, Corns, etc., successfully treated. Skilful and superior treatment at moderate charges.

MANTEL FOLDING BEDS

SUITABLE FOR

Small Rooms, Parlors, Dining Rooms and Offices.

OPENED. CLOSED

It may be draped to suit any style of apartment in which it is placed, and makes a valuable auxiliary to the furniture. H. P. DAVIES & CO., 22 Church Street.

NEW FICTION

AT

Marvellously Low Prices

"How I Escaped," edited by the author of **"Mr. Barnes of New York,"** at 25 cents; **"John Bodwin's Testimony,"** by Mary Hallock Foote, at 30 cents; and **"The Battle of the Swash and the Capture of Canada,"** by Samuel Barton, and under same cover Dr. W. George Beers' celebrated speech at Syracuse, for 25 cents. The above are all from the press of

J. THEO. ROBINSON, Publisher

MONTREAL

Ask for them at your booksellers.

Lord Elwyn's Daughter

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Whilst Sir Adrian Deverell was sitting in the drawing room at Green street waiting for Lucille to return, he made use of the idle moments to inform Lady Elwyn of what he had learnt from Mrs. Hyam concerning Lord Elwyn's last hours. He told her gravely and emphatically that she had maligned and traduced an innocent girl, and that it was Lucille, and not Kathleen, who had done the mischief and given to her uncle the shock which had been his death blow, whilst she had subsequently meanly and basely hidden her own share in the tragedy of the evening in order to cast the blame of it all upon Kathleen.

"How she could have done so foul a deed and found it in her heart to blacken Kathleen to her father to such an extent as to prove fatal to his life fills me with as much amazement as horror! Can you wonder, Lady Elwyn, after what I have heard to day, that I should have come to a very serious conclusion concerning your niece?"

Lady Elwyn looked distressed and miserable. She could find nothing to answer; but she tried to make excuses for her favorite as best she could, pleaded her youth and her ignorance of what she was doing, and muttered something angrily concerning the incubus which Kathleen Elwyn had been to them both.

"You must forgive her, Adrian!" she said, seeing how gloomy and stern he looked. "She really loves you; and, when she is your wife, half her faults will disappear. It would break her heart if anything happened to prevent her marriage to you. You do not, I trust, intend—" She paused apprehensively, looking at him anxiously.

"I intend to marry Lucille if she still wishes it," he replied, gravely.

Lady Elwyn breathed again; she knew as well as Lucille did what a fine place Deverell Hall was, and what a handsome rent roll his estates brought in to him.

"I will marry her," continued the Baronet sternly, "upon conditions which I will reveal to her, if you and she will sign a paper which I will draw up exonerating Kathleen Elwyn from all blame concerning her father's death."

Lady Elwyn laughed nervously.

"Oh, dear me—yes," she cried lightly—"we will sign anything you like, of course! No doubt we made a mistake; and you know dear Lucille has been very ill since—and no wonder if her memory has not proved quite trustworthy. You must take all that into consideration and forgive her, Adrian!"

"Very well," he said, with a sigh; "if she will make full reparation to Kathleen, I will entirely forgive her;" and he covered his brow with his hand with a gesture of weariness. No one save himself knew how terrible a thing that complete and perfect forgiveness meant to him.

"At any rate," continued his companion, "Lucille's heart cannot be very bad, or she would not have devoted the whole of this very day to the society of the girl whom you say she has traduced and slandered."

Adrian looked up quickly.

"By the way, what made her go? It strikes me as a very extraordinary proceeding!"

"Not at all. Kathleen wrote to her and asked her to go. The lady who lives with her was to be away all day, I believe."

"Indeed!" He was silent for a few moments, thinking deeply.

"No doubt Kathleen has kept her to dine—indeed she must have done so, or she would have been back by now. Will you stay and dine with me, Adrian, and wait till her return?

He stood up and held out his hand.

"No, thank you, Lady Elwyn. I will dine at my club. I will wish you good night now."

A sudden suspicion and a sudden resolve had come simultaneously into his mind—a suspicion of foul play and a resolve to find out the truth for himself at all risks. He did not take Lady Elwyn into his confidence; but, when he got outside her door, he hailed a passing hansom and jumped into it.

"Drive to Clay more Gardens as quickly as possible!" he said to the cabman; and the hansom started off at a rattling pace down the street.

Kathleen and Mary had nearly finished their simple little dinner together, when they were startled by the loud ringing of the door-bell.

"Who can it be?" cried Mary Hale; and Kathleen answered laughingly:

"It must be the devoted one!"—that being the playful name she had given to Mr. Blakely, the young doctor, whose attentions to her friend had now become too marked to admit of misconstruction.

"Nonsense!" cried Mary, blushing; and then a man's voice was heard outside in the little hall, and in another moment Sir Adrian Deverell entered the dining-room.

He cast a rapid searching glance round the room, and saw in a moment that Kathleen and Mary were alone.

"Forgive me," he said to Kathleen as he took her proffered hand and met her glance of slight surprise and confusion—"forgive me for intruding upon you at this hour! I came to ask for Lucille. She has left you, I presume! I must have missed her."

"Lucille!" repeated Kathleen, in amazement. "I have not seen Lucille! What makes you imagine that she is here?"

Adrian's brow became very black and gloomy.

"Has she not been spending the day with you, then?" he inquired.

"Certainly not!

"But surely you wrote to her yesterday and invited her to come and see you to-day—you told her that Miss Hale would be away, and requested her to come and spend the day with you!"

"Sir Adrian, you must be dreaming! I have neither heard from nor written to Miss Maitland since I left Clortell Towers! Who could have told you such a thing!"

"Lady Elwyn told me so. I have just left her house. She is now expecting her niece to return to dinner; that is why I came here, intending to escort her back."

"I have not seen her," replied Kathleen faintly.

Something seemed to tell her that she was on the verge of some great crisis of her life. Adrian's face was pale, his lips were set, and lines of care were upon his brow. Did he suspect that some evil had befallen his betrothed? Her imagination ran rapidly over all the horrible accidents which might have befallen Lucille, and, in spite of her utmost efforts, she trembled violently.

"Has Lady Elwyn not seen her all day?" she asked anxiously.

"No; she left the house early, before her aunt left her room; she had told her she was coming here."

"Perhaps she intended to come, and perhaps she met with some terrible accident on the way?"

Adrian smiled bitterly and shook his head.

"I do not think so," he answered drily. "But I will not detain you and Miss Hale any longer." He pressed her hand, declined the glass of wine she had filled and pushed towards him, and wished them both "Good night."

"You will let me know if she is all right?" said Kathleen, as she followed him into the hall; and then, unwilling as ever to utter a single word against one who had deserved ill of her, she added, hurriedly, "I am sure you will find that Lucille is all right. Lady Elwyn must have misunderstood her; it was probably with some other friend that she went to spend the day. You will find her on your return. Pray do not be hard on her or judge her hastily!"

"God bless you, Kathleen!" he answered a little unsteadily. "I think you are the best and sweetest woman in the world!" And then he raised her hand swiftly and pressed his lips reverently upon her slender fingers.

In another moment he was gone, and Kathleen stood alone in the little hall, a glow of happiness upon her face and a mist of tears in her eyes.

"I love him better than all the world!" she said to herself. "I would give my life for him—die gladly to make him happy—and yet I can never be anything to him!"

With a great effort she dashed away her tears and stilled the fierce beatings of her heart. When she rejoined Mary in the next room, she was her own sweet calm self again—the Kathleen of these latter days whom Mary knew and loved—the Kathleen who had lost a good deal of the fresh spring of her early girlhood, who was no longer the bright hopeful maiden of the Brussels school-days, but a sad-eyed woman who knew what sorrow was, whose heart had ceased to hope aught for herself, but who for others was always tender and compassionate, and who in her gentle womanliness was infinitely attractive and lovable.

Sir Adrian Deverell went down to his club in Pall Mall, and, beginning to feel desperately hungry, he walked into the dining-room, sat down at the first empty table he came to, and ordered the waiter to bring to him something to eat immediately.

"Hallo, Deverell!" said a voice behind him. "I heard you were in Scotland!"

He turned round and found his old friend Colonel Hepburn seated at the table behind him.

"Who told you that?" he cried in answer, as he shook hands heartily with him. "Somebody who knew more about my affairs than I know myself, seeing that I am here!"

"Well, it was somebody who ought to have known your affairs better than anybody else in the world, my dear fellow!" cried Colonel Hepburn laughingly.

"Indeed! And pray who on earth may that be?"

"Why, no less a person than your beautiful *fiancee* herself—Miss Maitland!"

The waiter had just put his soup down in front of him; but, hungry as he was, Deverell dropped his spoon and turned round hastily towards his friend upon hearing these words.

"For the love of Heaven," he cried with agitation, "tell me where you saw Miss Maitland last, Hepburn!"

The colonel was considerably startled by the solemnity of this appeal; but, perceiving at once that something serious was involved in the question, he answered immediately, with becoming gravity of manner:

"I saw her to-day. She was perfectly well. It is not many hours ago since I stood very near her."

"Where?" almost gasped Adrian, laying his hand upon his friend's arm.

"At Uxerton steeplechases. Is anything wrong, old man?"

Adrian controlled himself with difficulty.

"Whom was she with?" he asked, after a short pause.

"Miss Maitland told me she was with friends. At first I imagined she must be staying in the neighborhood; but afterwards a man told me he had seen her at Euston station in the morning; so I presume she went down by train. When I spoke to her, she was sitting on the box-seat of the —th Dragoons' coach—I had been staying with the —th—the Major is an old friend of mine; but I had to come up to town to-night. Miss Maitland seemed very well and happy; but she was naturally much surrounded—all the fellows were talking to her at once; so I had only the chance of a word with her, and that was when she told me you had gone to Scotland. When the races were over, I went back to the coach and offered my services to help to find her friends for her; but she said they were certain to come for her and declined my assistance; so, as I had not much time to spare to catch the train, I hurried away. And that is all I can tell you about her, Deverell. For Heaven's sake, man, don't look so strangely at me! Is anything wrong? Did you not know she was at Uxerton races?"

"No, Hepburn, I did not know it; I did not know where she was. Her aunt Lady Elwyn does not know; she imagined she was spending the day with friends in town. The fact is, Hepburn, Miss Maitland has not come back yet!"

"Ah, then she did miss the last train!" cried the Colonel. "I told her she would if she didn't look sharp! It can't be her fault, you know, Deverell. Her friends must have waited too long; it was their fault. There is not another train from Uxerton till midnight. It is a slow train, I fear. She will lose her dinner, and catch cold perhaps—that will be the worst of it. Don't distress yourself, my dear fellow—she will be all right!"

Adrian swallowed his soup hastily, and sent the waiter for a Bradshaw.

"I must go and meet that train at Euston, Hepburn. Way, it does not get up to town till 2.44! It must stop at every station!"

"Yes—a horrid journey for her, poor girl!" remarked Colonel Hepburn sympathetically.

"I hope she had a warm wrap with her."

Deverell ate some more of his dinner before he trusted himself to speak again. Then suddenly he turned round to his friend once more.

"Hepburn, you are an old friend of mine, and I must make a clean breast of this business to you," he began very gravely. "The fact is, I am quite in the dark as to whom Miss Maitland can have gone with to those races to-day; and it is absolutely essential to me to find out. Can you not remember anybody who seemed to be with her—any lady with whom she was?"

Colonel Hepburn shook his head thoughtfully.

"No; I don't remember anybody but the fellows of the —th about her. But she had been sitting in the stand at first, I fancy. No doubt the rest of her party were there."

Adrian seemed to be plunged in thought for some moments; then suddenly he asked another question.

"Forgive me for harping upon this subject, old chap; but can you tell me whether a man called Doyle was at Uxerton to day—Laurence Doyle?"

"Certainly he was there."

"Ah!"

"I spoke to him in the paddock early in the day; and—yes, by-the-way, that horse that won the last race—Decision—belongs to him."

"Ah, that's all as clear as daylight to me now!" answered Deverell, with conviction. "I must tell you everything, Hepburn. This Laurence Doyle is a man whom I most particularly object to. I have requested Miss Maitland to drop his acquaintance, and she promised me to do so. It is evident that, believing me to have gone to Scotland and to be safely out of the way, she has taken the opportunity of going away with the man to these races."

"Oh, I do not suppose she went to be seen alone with him!" remarked Colonel Hepburn deprecatingly.

"That is what I mean to discover by going to meet that train at Euston," said Adrian firmly; "for, as sure as my name is Deverell, if she has gone alone with him, he may have her and welcome for the remainder of his days! I swear that I will never put a woman who has compromised her name by spending a whole day and half the night with Mr. Laurence Doyle into the place that was once occupied by my pure-minded and saint-like mother!"

"Well, Adrian, I trust things may not be so bad as that. But anyhow you shall not go alone; I will accompany you to meet the train, and stand by you whatever happens."

"Thanks, old fellow!" "You are a true friend!"—and Adrian grasped the Colonel's hand warmly.

"There will be words and perhaps blows between these two men," the Colonel said to himself, "and it is just as well that a sober-minded third party, with his temper under good control, should be present to see that no public scandal arises out of their meeting."

And then they went up stairs to while away the hours with tobacco and billiards until it should be time to start for the Euston terminus.

(To be Continued.)

The Smart American Girl.

The proprietor of a fashionable West End (London) hotel does not receive young ladies who are unaccompanied by chaperons, though they hail from the United States. The other day a smart young damsel from Boston went bowling along Piccadilly in high spirits and a spick and span new hansom. The "fetching" combination pulled up at the hotel. She bounced in and asked if she could have a room for the night. Before the clerk could twist a smile with which to decorate his regrets that every apartment in the house was engaged the young lady snapped out: "My mamma will be here to-night from Liverpool. I've telegraphed for her."

"Oh, very well; in that case you can, perhaps, be accommodated," gently suggested the clerk. The new arrival went on, in a voice tremulous with irritation. "Perhaps you'd like me to send for my father, too, and my sisters, and my cousins, my aunts, and a grandfather or two." "Mamma will answer the purpose nicely," the clerk replied with serenity. "Oh, I'm glad to know that," replied the Boston lassie with a toss of the head. "Because, if it will appease your suspicions as to who I am, I can show you my visiting card, a certificate of my birth, the pedigree of my family for three generations back, and the vaccination mark on my right arm." The clerk bowed humbly, and the young lady trotted off to her apartment.

How She Did It.

Typo's Girl (eager for the proposal)—What do you say in the office when you have spoke at a column, John?

Typo—Oh, I just sing out, "My galley's ready."

She—You bet your gal is ready, John, and she's been ready for a long time.

A Matter of Congratulation.

Benny—We children have lots to be thankful for, don't we, mamma!

Mrs. Rodman—Yes, dear; but what made you think of that?

Benny—S'pose you'd had a hand like that just after you caught me in th' jam-closet yesterday!

The Ever-revolving Wheel.

Dr. A. (meeting his college friend after a long absence)—Do you remember Miss Korn, with whom we danced often, when we were students together?

Dr. B. (after reflection)—Ha, ha! you mean that good-looking, but dreadfully frivolous young lady of whom you used to say that you pitied the man who might chance to marry her. Well, what about her?

Dr. A—Ahem! what about her? Why she is now my wife.

Couldn't Afford a Singer.

A nervous old lady was sitting near the door in a Midland train, when the brakeman stuck his head in at the door and yelled out the name of the station.

"Good gracious, what an awful voice!" cried the old lady as she jumped about three feet. "How can you howl like that and frighten a body to death?"

The brakeman looked angry for a minute and then said: "Excuse me, madam, if you don't like my voice I'm sorry; but if you think that this line can engage a $5,000 tenor soloist to sing out the name of the stations in the key of A sharp and warble between whiles, you're mistaken."

The old lady had nothing further to say.

A Man of Grief.

Kind Soul—My husband is such a dear sympathizing creature! When I am chopping a pile of firewood out in the yard, he'll sit half a day before the fire and weep at my having to work so hard!

Bathing in England.

It is amusing at times, writes Blakely Hall, to observe how enthusiastic people grow over bathing. It is a source of national excitement in Great Britain, where a man's tub is the main object of his life. This is particularly so in London, and though I have not seen it written of anywhere to any extent, it is a fact that their enthusiasm is based upon very solid grounds—and a good deal of ground usually—for the dust and dirt which accumulates on a man in London is something beyond belief. Without going into too much detail, it may be said that it is absolutely necessary for a man to bathe every morning in London, and thoroughly scrub his hands, face and ears at least three or four times a day. It is the result of the soft coal burned in that city, together with the heavy fogs which keep the smoke hanging over the houses, so that the dust sifts down into the houses and absolutely covers every thing. There are no furnaces in the private houses in London, every room having a grate-fire of its own. Housewives, as well as more superficial observers, know what a productive force of dust a grate is, and these causes combined and multiplied a thousand fold, go far toward bringing the Englishman's "bath" into such remarkable prominence. Outside of this there is the delight which Englishmen experience in swimming. There is a little lake in Hyde Park, in London, called the Serpentine, which is the scene of a blood-curdling spectacle every morning of the winter. A number of men belong to what is known as the Serpentine Club. Some of them are guards-men, soldiers and officers, while others belong to the more humble callings of life. The sole requisite to membership of this club is that a man shall take a dip in the Serpentine every morning of every day in the year. The only conditions which excuse it are a driving rain or snow-storm. In the winter the ice is regularly broken so that there is a hole large enough for the members of the club to get through, and the extraordinary spectacle is presented of a man plunging into the ice-cold water while others are shivering in fur coats watching them. It is said that none of the members of the club ever have colds or sore throat, which is rather startling in view of what they undergo. In Iceland there is a regiment which is famous for this sort of thing—nearly all the men in the corps breaking the ice for a morning dip in midwinter.

There lives in Grauwinkel, Germany, the tallest man in the world. If he gets wet feet on the 15th December, he has a cold in his head on the 30th December—but not before.

Good morning
HAVE YOU USED PEARS' SOAP?

I X L STEAM LAUNDRY
42 Richmond Street West
GENTS' WASHING OUR SPECIALTY
Delivery to all parts of the city.

PATENTS
Caveats and *Re-issues* secured, *Trade-Marks* registered, and all other patent cases in the Patent Office and before the Courts promptly and carefully prosecuted.
Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability free of charge.
With my offices *directly across from the Patent Office*, and being in personal attendance there it is apparent that I have superior facilities for making prompt preliminary searches, for the more vigorous and successful prosecution of applications for patent, and for attending to all business entrusted to my care, in the shortest possible time.
FEES MODERATE, and *exclusive attention given to patent business*. Information, advice and special references sent on request.
R. J. LITTELL,
Solicitor and Attorney in Patent Causes,
Washington, D. C.,
(Mention this Paper.) Opposite the U. S. Patent Office.

SOLID GOLD PLATED.
To introduce our Watches, Jewelry, &c., &c., for 60 days we will send this fine, heavy gold plated Ring to any address on receipt of 32 cents in postage stamps, and will also send free one mammoth Catalogue of Watches, Jewelry, &c., with special terms and inducements to agents. This Ring is a very fine quality, warranted to wear for years, looks like solid gold, and is only offered at 32 cents for 60 days to introduce our goods. Order immediately, and get a $2.00 Ring for 32 cents. CANADIAN WATCH AND JEWELRY CO., 57 & 59 Adelaide St. East, Toronto, Ont.

PHOTOGRAPH REPRODUCTIONS
OF
CELEBRATED PAINTINGS
Both ancient and modern, in different sizes, by the
SOULE PHOTO. CO. OF BOSTON
OFFICE FOR CANADA:
36 King Street East - - Toronto
Catalogue of subjects25c. Call and see samples.

The Crown Perfumery Co's
DELICIOUS NEW PERFUME
CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS
REGISTERED
EXTRA CONCENTRATED
"A delicate perfume of highest quality; one of the choicest ever produced."—Court Journal
177 NEW BOND ST LONDON.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

WILLIAMS PIANOS
A FEW OF OUR
DISTINGUISHED PATRONS:
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, Windsor Castle.
RT. HON. SIR CHARLES TUPPER, G.C.M.G., Canada's High Commissioner.
HON. G. W. ROSS, LL.B., Minister of Education.
F. H. TORRINGTON, ESQ., Director Toronto College of Music, Toronto.
W. E. HASLAM, ESQ., Voice Specialist, Toronto.
PROF. CARL MARTENS, Professor of Music, Toronto.
ARTHUR E. FISHER, MUS. BAC., Toronto Conservatory of Music.
EDGAR R. DOWARD, ESQ., Organist Church of Ascension, Toronto.
C. C. FARRINGER, ESQ., Director Ontario College of Music, Toronto.
PROF. CHAS. BOHNER, Professor of Music, Toronto
MRS. CALDWELL, Canada's Soprano.
F. W. HARRINGTON, ESQ., Canada's Baritone.
TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC, Toronto, Ont.
ONTARIO COLLEGE OF MUSIC, Toronto, Ont.
MOULTON COLLEGE, Toronto, Ont.
HELLMUTH COLLEGE, London, Ont.
ALMA COLLEGE, St. Thomas, Ont.
DEMILE COLLEGE, Oshawa, Ont.

R. S. Williams & Son
143 Yonge Street, Toronto

JOHN FLETCHER
IRON AND STEEL WORK
ROOFS, GIRDERS, BEAMS, STAIRS, COLUMNS
AND ALL KINDS OF IRON WORK FOR BUILDING PURPOSES.
Office: 530 Yonge Street, Toronto

BARRETT & CO.
Real Estate and Commercial Exchange
TELEPHONE 897
18 Yonge St. Arcade Toronto, Ont.

St. Charles Restaurant
LUNCHEON AND DINING ROOMS
70 YONGE STREET
Next door to Dominion Bank
Lunch Counter for Gentlemen on the ground floor. Finest Bar in Canada. Choice Stock of Liquors and Cigars
HEASLIP & PIERCE
Proprietors

A SPLENDID CHANCE
WE WILL GIVE NEW SUBSCRIBERS
"SATURDAY NIGHT"
AND THE
WORLD TYPEWRITER
For $10, cash with order. The price of the Typewriter alone is $10. See advertisement of this machine in another column.
PROF. DAVIDSON
Now at 71 Yonge Street
on
November 1
WILL REMOVE TO
Room 3, Arcade, Yonge St.

Be Warned in Time.
Cure your Cough before you are beyond reach of human care or skill. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, properly administered, is a certain and speedy cure for all Throat and Lung Diseases. It is not a mere syrup, or cheap cough mixture, but a scientific preparation of great merit. ❋❋ I used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, last spring, for a severe Cough, and for Lung troubles, with good effect. It completely cured me. —Harvey Baughman, Proprietor Globe Hotel, Mt. Gilead, Ohio.

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.
After other medicines failed, I was speedily cured of a dangerous Cough by the use of two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.—Rev. W. J. Brent, Ill. Brent discharged a most difficult and painful, and my family physician, not being able to come immediately to the house, sent directions that I should take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I was promptly relieved by the use of this medicine, and, after taking only one bottle, was entirely cured.—Andrew J. Davis, Atchison, Kansas.
Two years ago I suffered from a severe attack of Bronchitis. The physician attending me became fearful that the disease would terminate in Pneumonia. After trying various medicines, without benefit, he finally prescribed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved me at once. I continued to take it, and, in a short time, was cured.—Ernest Colton, Logansport, Ind.
A few weeks ago I took a severe Cold, which, at first, I neglected to care for. In three days it affected my Lungs, and I became extremely ill. Brent directed me to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and, by the time I had taken two bottles, I was entirely cured.—Andrew J. Davis, Atchison, Kansas.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Telephone 344 for

Camping Supplies

Choicest Canned Meats, Fish and Fruits. Finest Wines Liquors constantly on hand.
Account of 5 per cent. on orders of $10 or over.

MARSLAND & KENNEDY
FAMILY GROCERS
313 King St. West - Toronto

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY
The Old and Popular Rail Route to
MONTREAL, DETROIT, CHICAGO
And all Principal Points in
CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES
It is positively the only line from Toronto running the celebrated Pullman's Palace Sleeping, Buffet and Parlor Cars, electric lighted. Speed, safety, civility.
For fares, time tables, tickets and reliable information apply at the city ticket offices.
P. J. SLATTER, City Passenger Agent,
Corner King and Yonge streets and 20 York street, Toronto.
Telephone Nos. 434 and 435.

The Cunard S.S. Line
is patronized by Toronto's
BEST SOCIETY
Noted for Safety, Elegance and Speed
A. F. WEBSTER
Sole Agent 56 Yonge St

WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.
MUSIC DEALERS
158 Yonge St, Toronto
MANUFACTURERS OF THE
"IMPERIAL" CORNETS
The best in the world, as used by MESSRS. CLARKE and BAUGH Canada's greatest cornet soloist and endorsed by JULES LEVY.
Everything in the music line and at the right prices. All the latest publications in stock. Publishers of the *Canadian Musician*.

FRANK L. SANAGAN & CO.
THE NOBBY TAILORS
241 YONGE STREET

HIGH CLASS PORTRAITS
IN
Oils, Water Color and Crayon
WEST END ART STUDIO
375½ Spadina Avenue, Toronto
Mrs. A. S. Davies, Miss M. E. Bryan, Artistes
Opal and Ivorine Portraits a Specialty
Instructions given in portraits and decorative art on ina satin and glass. For specimens, terms, etc., call at above address.

J. W. L. FORSTER PORTRAITS ART
Studio - 81 King St. East

McCAUSLAND & SON'S
WALL PAPER
IMPORTATIONS
ARE UNEXCELLED FOR VARIETY AND BEAUTY OF DESIGN. ALL GRADES AND PRICES
76 KING STREET WEST
TORONTO

Trunks and Valises
SATCHELS and PURSES
Best Goods. Lowest Prices
C. C. POMEROY
69 King Street West TORONTO

55 CENTS
The small purchase amounting to 55c.—fifty-five cents, for which a numbered receipt or voucher is given, may win the prize of the watch worth one thousand dollars—$1000. Americans as well as Canadians will please note the fact. This said watch is the finest in America as a mechanical work of art. Send for circulars.
RUSSELL'S
9 King Street West, Toronto

CANDY
BY MAIL AND EXPRESS
IN
2 lb., 4 lb. and 5 lb. Boxes
FROM 25c. TO 50c. PER LB.
These are all hand-made goods and fresh every day.
HARRY WEBB, 477 Yonge St.
TORONTO

JAS. COX & SON
83 Yonge Street
PASTRY COOKS AND CONFECTIONERS
Luncheon and Ice Cream Parlors

ICE CREAM PARLOR NOW OPEN
Picnics and Parties Supplied with Cream and Cakes.
Try our Snowflake Homemade Bread.
CARRICK'S
New Store Cor. Yonge and Edward Sts., and 160 Bay St.
WEDDING CAKES A SPECIALTY
Telephones—Yonge St., 1515; Bay St. 577

MEDLAND & JONES
Agents Scottish Union, Norwich Union, Accident Insurance.
Office—Mail Building, Toronto. Telephone 1067

F. W. MICKLETHWAITE
PHOTOGRAPHER
Out-door Views, Photo Engraving, Photographing on Zinc, Commercial Photography, Life-Size Gelatino-Bromide Enlargements, Photographing on Wood by Meadows' Process.
40 Jarvis Street, Toronto

J. FRASER BRYCE
PHOTOGRAPHER
107 King St. West - TORONTO

SUNBEAMS
ELDRIDGE STANTON, Photographer
116 Yonge Street and 1 Adelaide Street West
Photographs of all sizes
Sunbeams $1 per doz.

Mr. HAMILTON McCARTHY, A.R.C.A., Sculptor
Has removed to commodious premises on the ground floor of New Buildings on Lombard Street, immediately opposite Postoffice.

JOHN P. MILL
SELLS THE
BEST $5 SILVER WATCH IN THE CITY
445½ Yonge Street, opp. College Ave., Toronto.

THE "JEWEL" RESTAURANT
Jordan Street
This favorite restaurant of Toronto's business men has recently been enlarged and refitted throughout.
Reading and smoking rooms.
HENRY MORGAN - - Proprietor

- M. McCONNELL -
44 and 46 King Street East.
Commendador Port Wine in cases and bulk. Family trade a specialty. Agent for the celebrated Moet and Chandon "White Seal," George Goulet and other leading brands of Champagne. Over half a million imported cigars always in stock. Trade supplied at bottom prices.

FOR OYSTERS SERVED IN TRUE VIRGINIA STYLE
CALL AT
JAKE'S VIRGINIA RESTAURANT
DOORS NEVER CLOSED
Grand Opera House Building. Tel. 2060

Grand Opera Sample Room
The choicest lines of WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS. FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT in connection.
D. SMALL, Proprietor.

DON'T TAKE UP YOUR CARPETS
We have removed to 509½ Yonge Street, to more commodious premises, where we are prepared to fill all orders for cleaning carpets without taking them up. We also take up and relay carpets where it is necessary. Toronto Carpet and Plush Ren. Co.

F. H. SEFTON
DENTIST
172 Yonge Street, next door to R. Simpson's Dry Goods Store
OFFICE HOURS—8 A.M. TO 9 P.M.

SOMETHING NEW IN DENTISTRY
Dr. Land's Porcelain Fillings, Crowns and Jections. Also Continuous Gum Sets. All operations known to modern dentistry practiced.
CHAS. P. LENNOX
Yonge Street Arcade - - Room B
Telephone 1846

TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE
Best teeth on Rubber, $8.00. Vitalized air for painless extraction. Telephone 1476
C. H. RIGGS, cor. King and Yonge

C. V. SNELGROVE
Dental Surgeon, 97 Carlton St., Toronto
New Process—Porcelain Fillings and Porcelain Crowns a specialty.
Telephone 3631

DR. McLAUGHLIN
DENTIST
Corner College and Yonge Streets
Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth.

ED. E. FARRINGER
PROFESSOR OF MUSIC
58 Homewood Avenue
Instruction given on Piano, Violin, Cornet, etc.
Fall term commences September 2.

H. M. FIELD
FROM LEIPZIG AND FRANKFORT
Piano Virtuoso
105 Gloucester Street & Toronto College of Music
Will accept engagements for Concerts, and will also take Pupils in Piano Theory and Instrumentation.

H. GUEST COLLINS
Organist and Choirmaster St. Philip's Church, Choirmaster St. Matthew's Church, Instructor of Music at Knox College, &c.
Organ, Piano, Voice and Theory
21 Carlton Street

MR. E. W. SCHUCH
Choirmaster Church of the Redeemer, Conductor University Glee Club, has resumed instruction in
Voice Culture and Expression in Singing
At his residence,
3 Avenue Street (College Avenue).

HARMONY BY CORRESPONDENCE
To accommodate those living at a distance
Mr. THOS. SINGLETON, Port Hope, Ont.,
Will give lessons in harmony as above and prepare candidates for examinations in Music at Trinity College and the Toronto Conservatory of Music. All Mr. Singleton's pupils who have taken the Trinity examinations have been successful. Reference—Mr. Arthur E. Fisher, Mus. Bac. and A.C.O. (E. & L.), Toronto.

HENRI DE BESSE
Formerly Professor at New York Conservatories of Music, will receive pupils for
Violin or Pianoforte
Paris and Stuttgart Conservatory Method
129 Bloor Street East

MR. J. W. F. HARRISON
Organist and Choirmaster of St. Simon's Church and Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.
Organ, Piano and Harmony
94 Gloucester Street

A. S. VOGT (LATE OF THE ROYAL Conservatoire, Leipzig, Germany) Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis St. Baptist Church, Toronto, teacher of
Piano, Organ and Musical Theory
at the Toronto College of Music
Residence 305 Jarvis Street

SIGNOR ED. RUBINI
Late principal Professor of Singing at the London Academy of Music, London, Eng., also for some years Maestro al Piano at the Italian Opera, Paris, France. Pupils prepared for the concert and lyric stage. For terms and particulars apply to A. S. NORDHEIMER, King Street, or SIGNOR RUBINI, 105 Gerrard Street, Toronto.

ONTARIO COLLEGE OF MUSIC
150 Carlton St. opp. the Horticultural Gardens Toronto
This is a Private School, patronized by the best families in the city.
CHARLES FARRINGER
who has had charge of the school for
The Past Five Years,
is a German, educated in his native country, and has had
Thirty Years of Experience
as a Teacher of Music in the U. S. A. and Canada.
Thorough instruction in every branch of music from the lowest to the highest grade. For terms, etc., address—
CHARLES FARRINGER, 150 Carlton St.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC
Thorough Instruction in All Branches
F. H. TORRINGTON, Musical Director
Incorporated 1886 TORONTO HON. G. W. ALLAN, President.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
OVER 1,000 PUPILS LAST TWO YEARS.
All branches taught: Instrumental and Vocal Music, Oratorio and Church Music, Elocution, Languages, etc. SCHOLARSHIPS, CERTIFICATES and DIPLOMAS granted. FREE Theory and Violin Classes. FREE concerts, recitals and lectures. Organ students can practice and have lessons on magnificent new instrument built especially for Conservatory. Pupils may enter at any time. Send for new 85-page Calendar.
Address EDWARD FISHER, Music Director, Cor. Yonge Street and Wilton Avenue.

BRITISH AMERICAN BUSINESS COLLEGE
ARCADE, YONGE ST TORONTO.
The oldest and most reliable of its kind in the Dominion. All subjects pertaining to a business education thoroughly taught by able and experienced teachers.
C. O'DEA, Secretary.

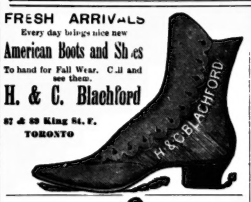
THE ASSOCIATED ARTISTS'
SCHOOL OF ART AND DESIGN
ROOMS M AND N YONGE ST. ARCADE
Will Re-open September 16
Classes in Antique, Painting, Life, &c.

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL
FOR JUNIOR BOYS
137 and 139 Simcoe Street, Toronto. Established 1866.
W. Mantle, Principal.
The attention of parents and guardians is respectfully directed to the fact that a comfortable home with home training is given to some six or eight pupil boarders (under 12 years). Application to be made to the Principal.

BUSINESS EDUCATION
The Canadian Business University and Shorthand Institute will reopen on
Monday, September 2, 1889
Write or call for circular. We guarantee satisfaction in every department.
Nearly Four Hundred Pupils Last Year
Address—
Canadian Business University,
Public Library Buildings, Toronto, Ont.
THOS. BENGOUGH, President. CHAS. H. BROOKS, Sec. and Manager.

THE HEIR TO THE FARM.

FRESH ARRIVALS
Every day brings nice new
American Boots and Shoes
To hand for Fall Wear. Call and see them.
H. & C. Blachford
87 & 89 King St. E.
TORONTO



WE INVITE YOU TO INSPECT OUR stock of Boots and Shoes for fall wear, consisting of the best American and Canadian makes. 328 Yonge St.
THE OLD RELIABLE GOLDEN BOOT
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S
FINE SHOES

Our Ladies' $3.00 Button Boot, Dongola Kid, is unsurpassed. Ladies' Walking Shoes—Stylish, Cheap, Good. Gentlemen's Sporting Shoes—all kinds
WM. WEST & CO., 246 Yonge Street.

The Home Savings & Loan Co. Ltd.
OFFICE: 72 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO
$500,000 to loan on Mortgage—small and large sums. Reasonable rates of interest and terms of repayment. No valuation fees charged.
HON. FRANK SMITH, President. JAMES MASON, Manager.

FRENCH MILLINERY EMPORIUM
63 King St. West (Opp. *Mail* Office, first floor)
We will be prepared on and after the 23rd inst. to show our Fall and Winter importations in Trimmed and Untrimmed Millinery. Customers can be assured of procuring the greatest variety in these lines. MRS. A. BLACK, Mgr. (Formerly of No. 1 Rossin House Block).

MISS PLUMMER
MODISTE,
57 GLOUCESTER STREET

THE MAGIC SCALE
Best system of cutting ladies' and children's garments.

HALL'S BAZAAR DRESS FORMS
For draping dresses. Adjustable to any measure.
MISS CHUBB, 426 1-2 Yonge St

CANADIAN SECRET SERVICE
Under Government Patronage. Head Offices, Temple Building, Montreal.
Legitimate detective work done at reasonable rates and performed in an honorable manner. Nothing done that in any way interferes with the marital relations.
JOHN A. GROSE, Manager.
Box 1999, Montreal.

THOMAS MOFFATT
FINE ORDERED BOOTS AND SHOES
A good fit guaranteed, prices moderate, strictly first-class
195 YONGE STREET, TORONTO
THIRD DOOR NORTH OF ALBERT HALL

LESSONS IN PHRENOLOGY
Examinations, Oral or Written.
MRS. HENDON, 326 McCaul Street.

MR. HIPKINS
DENTIST
No. 12 CARLTON STREET

R. G. TROTTER
Surgeon Dentist
14 Carlton St. - - Toronto
Office hours—9 a.m. to 5 p.m., 7 to 10 p.m.

MUSIC
We beg to say that we are in a position to supply all the
Latest and Most Popular Music
AT FROM
25 to 50 Per Cent. Less
than publishers' regular prices.
F. W. NYE & CO.
THE ROSSIN HOUSE NEWS DEPOT
187 King St. West

The Prior Advertising Agency
(Limited)
Newspaper and Magazine Advertising
120 YONGE STREET, TORONTO
Cor. Adelaide St., up-stairs.
Advertisements written, appropriately displayed, and proofs furnished with estimates, without charge on application.
The entire details of advertising undertaken, and newspapers kept on file for the inspection of advertisers.
Advertisements inserted in any newspaper on the American Continent at publishers' lowest rates.
Correspondence solicited.

H. SLIGHT,
FLORIST, 407 YONGE STREET
The very Finest Roses and Decorative Plants. Importer of Exotic Palms, Azaleas, Dutch Bulbs, etc.

An Earned Tip.

Pullman Porter (astonished)—Half a dollar! Bless me, missus, I nebber had a lady to gib me a tip befo'.

Lady Passenger (sweetly)—O, that's for not blacking my patent leather shoes. I wear No. 6, you know, and I was afraid you might make a mistake.—*Texas Siftings.*

Grand Opera House

Commencing Monday, October 14

MATINEES—WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY

THE

CARLETON OPERA COMPANY

IN

Two of the Greatest New York Successes

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday Evenings, also Saturday Matinee

OFFENBACH'S SPARKLING OPERA

THE BRIGANDS

(This opera was performed 150 nights at the New York Casino to crowded houses.)

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY EVENINGS

GENEE AND ZELL'S CHARMING WORK

NANON

As performed 300 consecutive nights at the New York Casino to packed houses.)

50 FRESH VOICES **CHORUS** FRESH VOICES 50

Entirely New and Magnificent Scenery

GORGEOUS COSTUMES

No Advance in Prices

SEATS NOW ON SALE

THE PEOPLE'S

POPULAR CONCERT

HORTICULTURAL PAVILION

Thursday Evening, Oct. 17

ARTISTS:

GEORGE FOX.....The Gifted Young Violin Virtuoso
Pupil of Mr. J. W. Baumann
MRS. MARIE HARRISON, St. Catharines.....Soprano
MISS L. HOARDS, soloist Jarvis St. Baptist Church..Soprano
MISS MABEL C. STROUD.....Mezzo Contralto
A favorite in Toronto
MR. FRED WARRINGTON.....Baritone
MR. S. H. CLARK.....The Gifted Elocutionist
MR. W. E. RAMSAY.....Toronto's Refined Humorist
MR. HERBERT L. CLARKE.....Cornet Soloist
THE CELESTIAN ORCHESTRA.....20 Instruments
MR. ARTHUR DEWEY.....Conductor and Pianist

Tickets on sale at Nordheimer's, Sackling's, and Whaley & Royce's

General Admission 25c Reserved Seats 50c.
Plan opens at Nordheimers Thursday, October 10, at 10 a.m.

MR. F. WARRINGTON, Musical Director. MR. J. M. DEWEY, Secretary-Treas.

Concert at 8 p.m. sharp

GRAND MILITARY CONCERT

By the combined bands of the

XIII. BATTALION OF HAMILTON

AND

QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES OF CANADA

Assisted by Mrs. Mackelcan and Mr. Schuch

Horticultural Pavilion, Thursday, October 24

Reserved seats 50c. Admission 25c. Box plan opens at Nordheimer's Thursday, October 17, at 10 a.m.

SEAL SACQUES

No garment a lady can wear in winter combines so much of comfortable warmth, richness and elegance in appearance for so reasonable a price as does a Sealskin Sacque. Anticipating a very great rise in the price of skins we bought early, and are now prepared to show the season's styles in a great variety of shapes and prices very little in advance of last year. Remember sealskins have advanced forty per cent., and are still going up. We guarantee all our Seal Garments to be made from the best Alaska Sealskins, London dye. We invite you to call and examine them.

W. & D. DINEEN

Cor. King and Yonge Sts.

MISS BURNETT

117 Yonge Street

HAS JUST RECEIVED FROM EUROPE

NEW PATTERN BONNETS AND HATS

Mounts, Birds, French Feathers
Flowers, Ribbons, Veilings
&c.

INSPECTION INVITED

Academy of Music

ART GALLERY

The Art Gallery of the Academy of Music will be opened early in November with an exhibition of Foreign and Canadian Pictures. Nearly two hundred entries have already been received, including several from this year's Paris Salon. Works by members of the Royal Canadian Academy or Ontario Society, or by well-known artists will be accepted provided they have not already been exhibited in Toronto. All others subject to the approval of the Hanging Committee. All pictures admitted free. Prizes of gold and silver medals will be awarded. Forms of entry and further particulars on application to

PERCIVAL T. GREENE, Secretary,
Room 9, Winton Chambers.

STUDIO OF ELOCUTION

60 Brunswick Avenue

Miss Jessie Alexander

Will receive pupils at the above address after September 16

"Canada's High Class Pianofortes."

THEIR

Unsurpassed Tone

AND

Unequalled Durability

HAVE WON FOR THE

Mason & Risch PIANOS

THEIR ENVIABLE REPUTATION

Warerooms—32 King Street West and 519 Queen Street West

ALASKA CREAM

FOR CHAPPED HANDS, FACE, AND ALL LIPS, ROUGHNESS of the SKIN.

25 CENTS TO BE HAD OF ALL DRUGGISTS 25 CENTS

DANCING

PROF. J. F. DAVIS'
Private Dancing Academy, 91 Wilton Ave.

Ladies' Classes, Gentlemen's Classes and Juvenile Classes Always Forming
Established 30 Years.

Private Lessons by Appointment

MUSIC

This season Prof. Davis is publishing his three latest compositions.

"La Zieka" (Dance and Music).....25c.
"Pit-a-Pat" Schottische, with Vocal accompaniments 40c.
"Kirmess Lawn Tennis Dance" and Waltz combined 75c.

MISS PAYNTER

Millinery Parlors

IMPORTER OF

French, English

AND

American Novelties

No. 3 Rossin Block

King Street West

TORONTO.

BY CHARLES M. HENDERSON & CO.

185 Yonge St., North of Queen St.

Telephone 1098 Established 1830

Auctioneers to the Imperial and Dominion Governments

Parties requiring our services will kindly give us as much previous notice as possible.

CHAS. M. HENDERSON & CO.

AMERICAN FAIR

334 Yonge Street, opposite Gould

This is the time the Coal Scuttle comes into use. Our price is 19c. for a Handsomely-Painted Gold-Banded Scuttle of the best make—better than paying 50c. Wash Tubs of best make, painted or unpainted, No. 3, 45c.; No. 2, 59c.; No. 1, 74c. Clothes Baskets in willow, strong and durable, from 59c. up. Soaps of all best makes at very lowest wholesale prices. We have just contracted for a large lot of the very best family soap made, and shall sell it in full 16 oz. bars; at 5c. a cake, Heliotrope; a cake of Pears', 12c., and 2 cakes for 23c. A clearing out of 500 doz. Brooms from a manufacturer enables us to sell a good Broom for 9c., 2 splendid 3-string Brooms for 25c. an elegant 4-string Parlor Broom 19c. Our sales of Window Blinds brings us customers from afar—only 59c. each for either Plain or Decorated, in all the leading colorings. Ask for Price List for further prices.

WM. H. BENTLEY & CO.

GURNEY'S

"GRAND DUCHESS" RANGE

A PERFECT WORKER

Every Stove a Success

20,000 IN USE

No Experiment in Buying a "Grand Duchess"

Mantles and Mantle Cloths

The Atradome Bankrupt Stock Sale

AT M'KEOWN & COMPANY'S

ENORMOUS AND UNAPPROACHABLE BARGAINS IN

Mantles, Walking Jackets, Ulsters, Wraps

Waterproof Cloaks, Shawls, Mantle Cloths, Mantle Plushes, Sealettes, Etc., bought at 40c. on the dollar selling at half price during this sale.

BLACK DRESS GOODS, COLORED DRESS GOODS

Black Henriettas, Colored Henriettas, Velvets, Plushes, and thousands of Bargains in every Department during the Atradome Bankrupt Stock Sale now going on at

M'KEOWN & COMPANY

182 Yonge Street

BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.

Gold Medalist Dyers and Cleaners

We make a specialty of the finer grades of work, such as Silks, Velvets, Plushes, Damask, Rep or Brocatelle Curtains, Table Covers, &c. Ladies' and Gent's wearing apparel cleaned by our new chemical process, which prevents shrinking.

90 King Street East.

BRANCHES—515 Queen Street West, 258 and 750 Queen Street East, 457 Parliament Street, and 532 Yonge Street.

TELEPHONE, 1900.

Parcels sent for and delivered to all parts of the city.

---

251 YONGE ST.

Opposite Holy Trinity Church, Yonge St.

Miss Stevens

FASHIONABLE MILLINER

Is now prepared to show her patrons A new and beautiful stock of

Millinery, Feathers and Fancy Goods

at most moderate prices. Wearers of good Millinery, etc., should pay an early visit.

☞ Note the address.

Style

Is essential in the selection and arrangement of Wall Papers. Without it the best designs and the best colourings are ineffective. The wall must suit the room—the frieze must help the wall—the ceiling must be a fitting crown to the whole. Our Stock of

WALL PAPERS

Is selected with the greatest care, and in our cheapest grades we show tasteful arrangements of design and colour.

ELLIOTT & SON,

94 & 96 BAY ST.

JOHN J. TONKIN

THE

FASHIONABLE TAILOR & HATTER

OF TORONTO

The Finest Goods at Lowest Prices

155 Yonge Street, corner Richmond

TORONTO

Telephone 1720

ESTABLISHED 1860

MILLINERY

Fall and Winter Stock in great variety.

Stylish and Artistic work in all its branches.

Dressmaking

Perfection in Fashion, Fit and Finish guaranteed.

Leave orders early to insure prompt attention.

J. & A. CARTER

Manufacturers and Teachers of the

NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF DRESS CUTTING

(Late Prof. Moody's)

SUMMER COOKING

The Wanzer Cooker

Is a complete revelation to cooks. With only one Wanzer Lamp 9 lbs. of beef is beautifully roasted and basted, while vegetables are being boiled and pudding or fish cooked at the same time

A 3-course dinner is all put on at the same time, left absolutely alone, and all taken off at the same time, and better cooked than over a range. No odor of food in the room. Cost of fuel per meal only one-half cent.

Send for catalogue.

R. M. WANZER & CO.

MANUFACTURERS

Hamilton - - - Ont.

- CARPETS -

JOHN KAY, SON & CO. have great pleasure in announcing that their exhibit this season will testify to their never flagging energy and enterprise in anticipating the increasing demand for high art goods and novelty of style.

ALL-WOOL CARPETS From the Best English and Scotch Manufacturers

TAPESTRY CARPETS New Patterns. Very Fine in all Grades.

IN THE BRUSSELS DEPARTMENT

Will be found an immense variety of the soft, light shades which this house is celebrated for, most of the patterns being designed and colored expressly to their instructions, and made of an EXTRA HEAVY quality of yarn.

VELVET CARPETS. The increased demand for these beautiful and inexpensive carpets has compelled them to buy very largely, thereby enabling them to sell these goods at $1, CASH.

WILTON CARPETS. A large stock always on hand in all grades. Some great novelties in design and coloring this season.

ROYAL AND PATENT AXMINSTERS have been selected with great care, and are a veritable exposition in themselves.

J. K., SON & CO. are sole agents in Ontario for TEMPLETON'S world-wide celebrated Victorian Axminster Carpet and Rugs. Hitherto nothing has been manufactured equal to them on this planet.

Church Carpets in all Grades a Specialty

RUGS AND SQUARES. To meet the increased demand in this department they have had to enlarge their premises, and now can show a greater range than ever before of Parquet Squares in Mirzapore, Yordi, Smyrna, Axminster, Wilton, Roman, Burmah, Candahar, Kensington, etc., to fit almost any room, with fillings to match. Just arrived, five bales hand made.

JAPANESE RUGS of a superior quality. Sizes from the smallest up to 12 x 15 feet. These goods are very cheap and durable.

COCOA MATS and Mattings, China Mattings, Oilcloths, Linoleums, and Cork Carpeting. A large stock of these goods always on hand. Prices right.

THE FAMOUS AURORA SWEEPER IS IN GREATER DEMAND THAN EVER

JOHN KAY, SON & CO.

34 King Street West, Toronto.

HENRY C. FORTIER, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
At office—16 Victoria Street, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.
At residence—57 Murray Street, evenings. TORONTO.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, 604 Queen Street West, between Portland and Bathurst Streets. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence 118 Palmerston Avenue.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 138 Carlton Street

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

LOVELL—At Toronto, on October 4, Mrs. James S. Lovell—a daughter.
CLARK—At Toronto, on October 1, Mrs. D. W. Clark—a daughter.
POLE—At Toronto, on October 2, Mrs. James G. Pole—a daughter.
PARK—At Brantford, Ont., on October 3, Mrs. E. P. Park—a son.
McBRIDE—At Toronto, on October 1, Mrs. R. H. McBride—a daughter.
CHANNER—At Adrian, Michigan, on September 27, Mrs. C. H. I. Channer—a son.
VARCOE—At Toronto, Mrs. F. R. Varcoe—a son.
CRAIG—At Fergus, on October 4, Mrs. R. M. Craig—a daughter.
MASSEY—At Toronto, on October 6, Mrs. W. E. H. Massey—daughter.
COLEMAN—At Faribault, Minn., on September 27, H. Kay Coleman—a son.
STUART—At Hamilton, on October 2, Mrs. P. H. Stuart—a daughter.
McLEAN—At Toronto, on October 7, Mrs. R. G. McLean—a daughter.
HAGGART—At Toronto, on October 6, Mrs. D. Haggart—a daughter.
SMITH—At Toronto, on October 8, Mrs. John C. Smith—a daughter.

Marriages.

GOULSLOCK—WATSON—At the residence of the bride's mother, Paris, on October 10, by the Rev. E. Cockburn Geo. W. Goulsock, architect, Toronto, to Georgie, youngest daughter of the late Jos. Watson.
LAWSLEY—DENNY—At Brockville, on October 1, C. Lawsley of Bar le, to Lillian J. Denny of Brockville.
REID—SIEVERIGHT—At Huntsville, on October 1, John Dawson Reid, to Elizabeth Helen Sieveright.
SPINK—BERKINSHAW—At Toronto, on October 2, John H. Spink, to Ida C. Berkinshaw.
MILLS—SNYDER—At Elmira, on October 1, John Arthur Mills of Guelph, to Lizzie H. Snyder.
JOHNSTON—MOWBRAY—At Kinsale, on October 5, Arthur Jonnston of Greenwood, to Emmeline C. Mowbray of Kinsale.
HODGINS—SCOBLE—At New York, Dr. J. G. Hodgins of Toronto, to Helen Fortescue Scoble.
ROWE—McCLUNG—At Brampton, on October 3, Rev. Elliott S. Rowe, to Mattie McJung of Bowmanville.
STURDY—PICKERING—At Toronto, on October 2, George Sturdy, to Jane Pickering.
HASLITT—BONNICK—At Toronto, on October 5, Robert Haslitt, L.D.S., to Agnes Bonnick.
COOK—CAPON—At Toronto, on October 2, George H. Cook, L.D.S., of Clinton, to Emily F. Capon.
McCAFFREY—RAYMER—At Toronto, on October 2, James McCaffrey, to Fanny A. Raymer.
WATSON—CONGDON—At Islington, on October 2, Edward Jesse Watson of Okanagan, British Columbia, to Hannah Congdon.
JARVIS—HINSWORTH—At Toronto, Edmund Meredith Jarvis, to Clara Louisa Hinsworth.
JOHNSON—STOREY—At Toronto, on October 1, John W. John son, to Rachel Helen Storey.
NEELIN—DOHERTY—At Toronto, on October 3, Gregg Neelin, of Ottawa, to Margaret Doherty of Toronto.
ELLIS—COOK—At Toronto, on October 7, Henry J. W. Ellis, to Bertha M. Cook.
GILMOUR—EDGAR—At West Toronto Junction, on October 8, Dr. J. T. Gilmour, to Maggie Edgar.
HOBART—PEPLOW—At Port Hope, on September 25, S. Walter Hobart of Kingston, to Mary Peplow of Port Hope.
PRICE—COPPING—At Toronto, on October 9, Fred. W. Price to Adelie Copping.

Deaths.

LEE—At Edinburgh, Scotland, Mrs. Louisa Lee, aged 87 years.
MOREHOUSE—At Parkdale, Mrs. Ed. Morehouse.
SWINBOURN—At Toronto, on October 4, Mrs. G. H. Swinbourn.
TIMMS—At Toronto, on October 5, Mrs. Mary Timms, aged 69 years.
WHITE—At Toronto, on October 5, Charles P. White, aged 52 years.
GREEN—At Orangeville, Ont., John Green, aged 55 years.
GRUBBE—At Toronto, on October 3, William Grubbe, aged 77 years.
DALLAS—At Toronto, on October 3, Marr Dallas, aged 13 years.
SALTER—At Brantford, on October 3, Canon Geo. J. B. Salter, aged 73 years.
HOPWOOD—At Toronto, on October 4, Mary Alice Hopwood.
SCHLENKER—At Todmorden, on October 1, Martin Schlenker, aged 54 years.
DUNLOP—At Toronto, on October 8, Elizabeth Dunlop, aged 96 years.
LIGHTBOURN—At Toronto, on October 8, Gilbert Sutherland Lightbourn, aged 1 year.
WINTER—At Toronto, on October 6, Mrs. Bridget Winter.
HALL—At Melbourne, Australia, on March 29, Edwin Hall, aged 44 years.
JUDD—At Toronto, on October 7, Sarah Judd.
OGILVY—At Brechin, Scotland, on October 5, Mrs. Margaret Smith Ogilvy, aged 89 years.
RAMSAY—At Hamilton, on October 8, Alex. Ramsay, aged 55 years.
ARMSTRONG—At Toronto, on October 2, Mrs. James Armstrong, aged 25 years.
GEMMEL—At Virden, Manitoba, on October 3, Harry J. Gemmel, aged 22 years.
HUMPHRIES—At Toronto, William Humpries, aged 28 years.
MACDONELL—At Toronto, on October 3, Mrs. Olivia Macdonell, aged 64 years.
NEWNING—At Austin, Texas, on September 21, Mrs. Annie Newning.
NEWSOM—At Orono, Ont., on September 24, Samuel Fletcher Newsom, aged 69 years.
TATE—At Toronto, on October 2, Kathleen Ord, infant child of R. Fred and Edith Tate.
JONES—At Montreal, on October 2, Mrs. Charles Jones, aged 41 years.
FINDLAY—At Toronto, on October 5, Mrs. John Findlay, aged 55 years.
CLARKY—At Liverpool, England, on October 8, 1888, Mrs. W. W. Clarry.
ROSS—At Toronto, on October 3, Mrs. Anna C. Ross, aged 82 years.
DEMPSEY—At Milton, on September 29, Elizabeth Dempsey, aged 54 years.
BROUGHTON—At Toronto, on October 9, John Broughton, aged 65 years.
DIXON—At Lambton Mills, on October 8, Thomas Dixon, aged 56 years.

MRS. MILLER
(LATE OF 100 YONGE ST.)
Modiste, Dress & Mantle Maker
HAS REMOVED TO
267 SPADINA AVENUE

A Tremendous Stock
OF
FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING

Our stock of Fall and Winter Clothing is now very complete. Men's Suits and Overcoats in every known pattern and style. Young Men's and Boys' Suits and Overcoats are simply grand. We have this season gone to no end of trouble in order to show a stock of fine ready-made clothing that in every way would be equal in every respect to the finest custom work, and at the same time sell it at just one-third less price.

OAK HALL
THE GREAT ONE-PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE
115 to 121 King St. E., Toronto
WILLIAM RUTHERFORD - Manager.

SEWING MACHINES

LADIES:
Do you prefer a Machine with an Oscillating Shuttle?
Or one with a Vibrating Shuttle?
Or an Automatic with a Single Thread?
We make them all.

The Singer Manufacturing Company, New York
AGENCIES EVERYWHERE
Central Office for Canada: - No. 66 King Street "West," Toronto

MANTLES
AND
COSTUMES

A CROWDED ROOM
An appreciative constituency. The Great Pile beginning to melt. No need to wonder longer if the styles will take. They do take and---are taken.
Tartan Wraps, Coaching Capes, the Irish Peasant, the Russian Circular, Traveling Ulsters in Scotch and Belgian Tweeds, Misses' and Children's Wraps in great variety.
R. WALKER & SONS
KING STREET EAST

FURNITURE
FINE AND MEDIUM
Inspect my well-assorted stock before purchasing elsewhere.
PRICES LOW. ONLY ONE PRICE
UPHOLSTERING TO ORDER
Having a first-class staff of men I am enabled to give full satisfaction at very reasonable prices.
Come and see my new importations. SHOWING A PLEASURE.
436 Yonge Street R. F. PIEPER Opposite Carlton St.

THIS is where the Business Men of Toronto, their Wives and Daughters are taking their mid-day lunches and afternoon refreshments with comfort and satisfaction.
66 and 68 Yonge Street
Near corner of King Street

"DOMINION"
The "Dominion" Pianos continue everywhere to lead in Canada. Their uniform excellence and individual perfection inspire the confidence of the people, who find them in every case fully as represented. The Dominion Company have always sought to make only the best. The great sale of their Pianos and Organs to-day bears witness to their success.
Sole Agency, J. S. POWLEY & Co., Toronto Temple of Music, 68 King Street West.
PIANOS

HEINTZMAN & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF
PIANOFORTES
GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT.
The oldest and most reliable Piano Manufacturers in the Dominion.
Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.

Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano.
Illustrated Catalogue free on application
Warerooms, 117 King Street W., Toronto.

COAL AND WOOD
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
COAL—Egg and Grate, $5.25; Stove and Chestnut, $5.50; Best Soft Coal, $5.50
WOOD—Hard and Soft. All kinds constantly on hand. Pine Wood for Brickmakers constantly on hand.
KEIRAN & McADAM
OFFICES AND YARDS—737 to 741 Queen Street West, 215 to 219 Manning Avenue
Telephone 1324 and 1297

REMEMBER
TO SEE
THE
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
AGENT
WHEN GOING
ANYWHERE

R. J. Lloyd
247 Yonge St., opp. Trinity Square
TELEPHONE 295
CATERER
LATE OF LLOYD BROS.
HAS OPENED
A FIRST-CLASS
Lunch Parlor and Catering Establishment
AT ABOVE ADDRESS
Dinner Parties, at Homes, and Families Supplied with Cakes, Jellies, Ices, Charlotte Russe, Salads and Ice Cream, and all requisites on short notice
WEDDING CAKES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION TO ORDER
A General Assortment of Cakes, Pastry, Macaroons, Lady Fingers, Angel Cake, etc., made fresh daily.
247 Yonge Street, opp. Trinity Square. Telephone 295